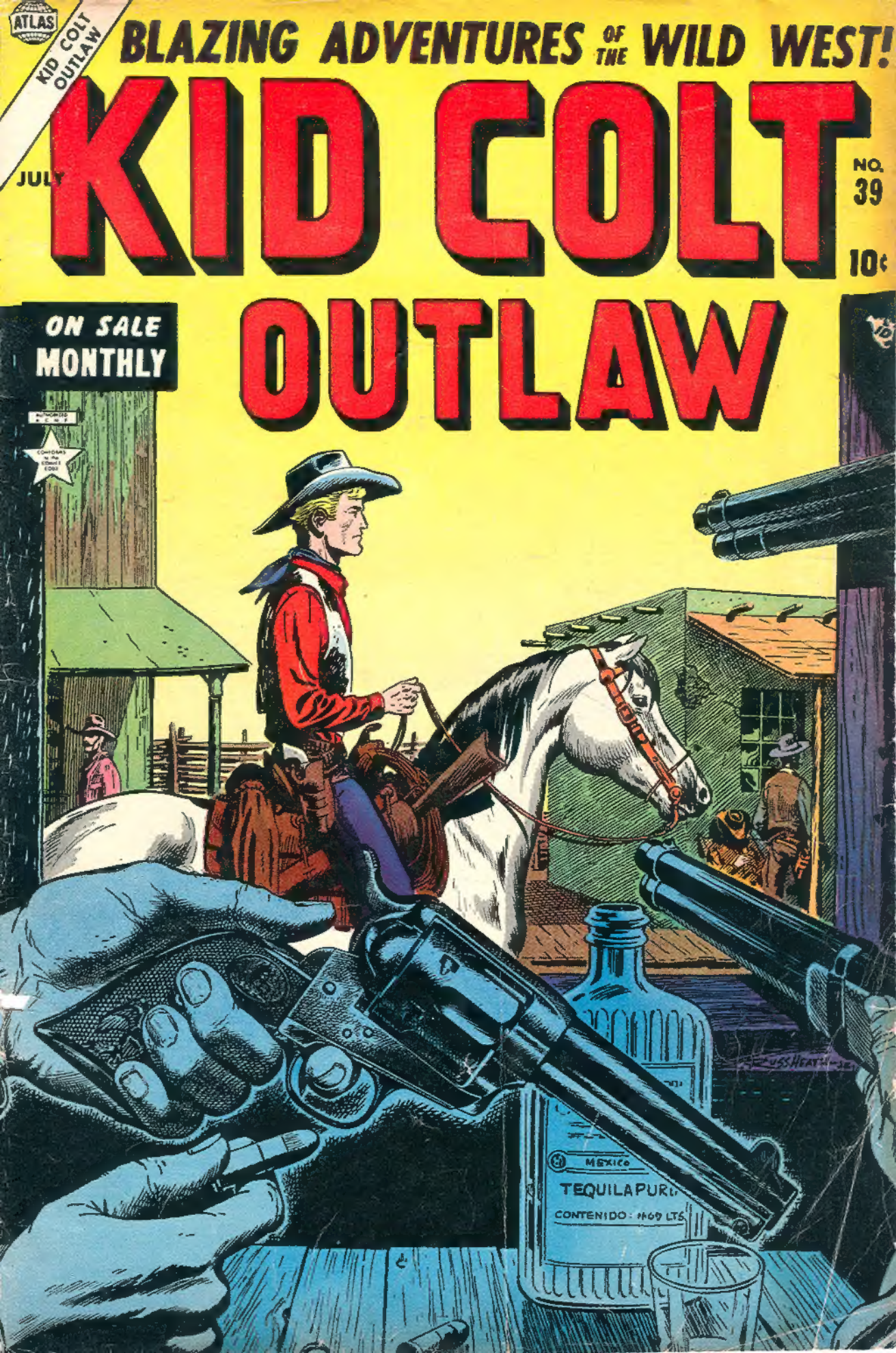
ATLAS
KID COLT OUTLAW

BLAZING ADVENTURES OF THE WILD WEST!

KID COLT OUTLAW

JULY
NO. 39
10¢

ON SALE MONTHLY



HELLO, BOB - HAVE YOU FOUND THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

HECK NO! THERE'S NO TREASURE DOWN HERE!

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH! OR PREMIUMS!

LOOK! LIVE PONY! Yessiree, a real, live Pony for your very own. Just send for BIG catalog for premium plan. MAIL COUPON TO START.

WE TRUST YOU!

ACT NOW! Mail coupon.

School Boxes, Radios, Fishing Kits.

Boys and Girls Wrist Watches. Mail coupon.

Bluebird Clocks, Roasters, Blankets. Mail coupon!

BE FIRST

.22 Cal. Rifles, Archery Sets, Blankets, Skates, Dolls,

Telescopes, Wallets, Wagons. Mail coupon.

ACT NOW

WHADDAYA WASTIN' YOUR TIME DOWN THERE FOR? LOOK AT MY NEW TREASURES!

GOSH, SAM! WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?

WHAT SAM TOLD THEM

- AND WITH EACH BOX OF THIS WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, WE GIVE YOU A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!

FINE! I'LL TAKE 2 BOXES, SAM -

BOY! ALL THOSE SWELL PREMIUMS AS EASY AS THAT!

HURRY! LET'S SEND IN OUR COUPONS RIGHT AWAY!

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! IT'S AS EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG!

LET'S GO!

ACT FAST! Swim Masks, Flashlights, Cameras, Dresser Sets, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifles, Bibles.

MAIL COUPON NOW!

WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE PRICE 35¢

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

YOU GET BIG CATALOG

Candid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Billfolds, Bibles, Blankets, Movie Machines, Pen & Pencil Sets, Record Players, Roller Skates, Telescopes.

WE TRUST YOU!

OUR 59th YEAR!

R.T.

Boys' and Girls' Bicycles, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Blankets, Bibles, Watches. Get BIG catalog for premium plan. MAIL COUPON TO START.

Blankets, Bibles, Skates, Dolls, Mail coupon.

ACT NOW!

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept 1468 B, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ST. _____ R. D. _____ BOX _____

TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

OUR 59th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL

KID COLT OUTLAW is published MONTHLY by LEADING MAGAZINE CORP. Office of Publication: 270 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N.Y. under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Meriden, Conn. Copyright 1954 by LEADING MAGAZINE CORP., 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. Vol. 1, No. 39, JULY, 1954 issue. Arthur Marchand, Circulation Director. Price 10c per copy. Subscription rate $1.45 for 12 issues including postage. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions appearing in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Monroe Froehlich, Jr., Business Manager. Printed in the U.S.A.

KID COLT OUTLAW

HE COULD SEE IT COMING, THE THREAT OF OPEN WAR, LIKE A DARK CLOUD CREEPING ALONG THE HORIZON! OTHER MEN WOULD HAVE RUN, BUT NOT THIS ONE! HIS PLACE WAS TO STAY DESPITE THE SULLEN ANGER, THE BITTER FEELINGS... "AND SUDDEN DEATH!"
JACK KELLER
E.S.B.O.

LIKE A CLOSING STEEL TRAP, THE POWERFUL ARMS SQUEEZED TIGHTER AND TIGHTER! HIS SENSES NUMBED! SEARING PAIN STABBED AT HIS EYEBALLS BEHIND TIGHTENED LIDS, AND A GROWING DARKNESS SPREAD BEFORE HIM LIKE THE MANTLE OF DEATH...

AND THEN A SHARP IMAGE INTRUDED UPON HIS BRAIN, STRUGGLING FOR SUPREMACY AGAINST THE GROWING DARKNESS! THE PRESSURE SEEMINGLY LESSENED, AND HE SAW HIMSELF ON HIS HORSE, STARING INTO THE VALLEY! WAS IT FIVE MINUTES BACK, A DAY, A YEAR? HE COULDN'T TELL, BUT HE REMEMBERED...

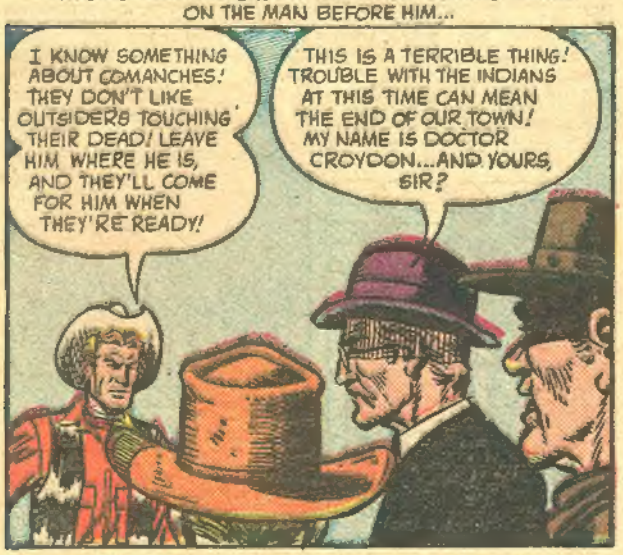
BUT AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN THE VALLEY BELOW...
LOOK, MY BROTHERS! MORE WHITE MEN TEPEES! SOON THEY WILL NUMBER MORE THAN THE TREES IN THE FOREST!
SOON THEY WILL CALL IT THEIR LAND AND DRIVE US OFF OUR HUNTING GROUNDS!
COME! WE WILL ENTER THEIR VILLAGE AND SPEAK TO THEIR CHIEF! NOW IS THE TIME FOR TALK, WHILE THERE IS STILL PEACE!
WE WILL GO WITH YOU, MOPAR, BUT MY HEART WHISPERS THAT WE DO WRONG!
THUS, THE INDIANS RODE IN, AND THEIR APPROACH WAS SPOTTED BY A TRIO OF SUSPICIOUS EYES...
LOOKA THAR, LARSON! INJUNS HEADED THIS WAY!
YUH MEAN "TROUBLE" HEADED THIS WAY! LEAVE IT TUH ME! I'VE HANDLED THESE SCURVY CRITTERS BEFORE!
AND WHEN THE INDIANS CAME TO A HALT...
THAT'S AS FAR AS YUH COME, INJUN! NOW STATE YORE BUSINESS AN' BE QUICK ABOUT IT!
WE COME IN PEACE TO HOLD COUNCIL WITH YOUR CHIEF!
DID YUH HEAR THET, BOYS? THEY WANNA HOLD A POW-WOW... WITH OUR CHIEF, NO LESS! RECKON THEY MUST BE REAL IMPORTANT FELLAS!
IT IS USELESS, MOPAR! LET US GO!
THIS ONE WILL NOT TURN US FROM OUR MISSION! HE IS LIKE OUR OLD CAMP DOGS THAT MAKE SOUNDS AT THE MOON! THE PUNY ONES HOWL THE LOUDEST!
PUNY, HUH! I'LL TEACH YUH, INJUN!
CRACK!
CRACK!
2.

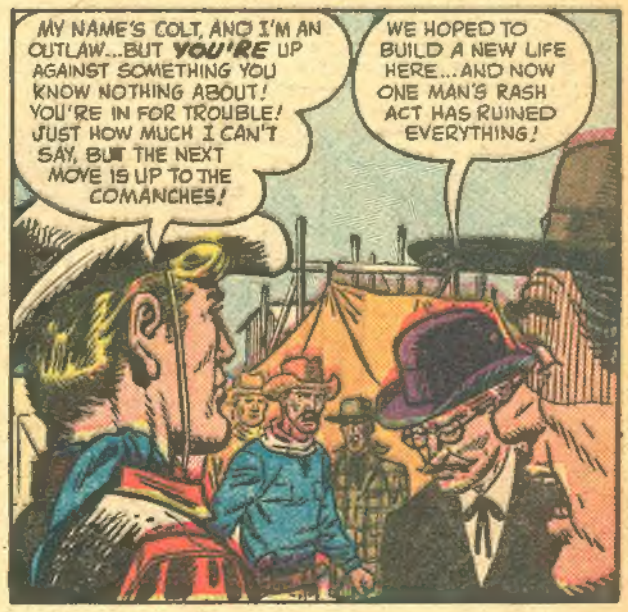
AS THE STRICKEN MOPAR FELL TO THE GROUND, HIS TWO COMPANIONS WHEELED THEIR HORSES AROUND AND FLED UNDER A HAIL OF BULLETS...

FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT ABOVE THE VALLEY, THE KEEN-EYED KID VIEWED THE SCENE WITH RISING ALARM...

WITH A CLATTER OF HOOFS THE POWERFUL STALLION CAME DOWN THE STEEP SLOPE, COMING TO AN ABRUPT HALT AT THE EDGE OF THE STARTLED GROUP...

SLOWLY THE KID SWUNG OUT OF HIS SADDLE, HIS EYES PASSING OVER THE CROWD AND THEN COMING TO REST ON THE MAN BEFORE HIM...


I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT COMANCHES! THEY DON'T LIKE OUTSIDERS TOUCHING THEIR DEAD! LEAVE HIM WHERE HE IS, AND THEY'LL COME FOR HIM WHEN THEY'RE READY!
THIS IS A TERRIBLE THING! TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS AT THIS TIME CAN MEAN THE END OF OUR TOWN! MY NAME IS DOCTOR CROYDON... AND YOURS, SIR?


MY NAME'S COLT, AND I'M AN OUTLAW... BUT YOU'RE UP AGAINST SOMETHING YOU KNOW NOTHING ABOUT! YOU'RE IN FOR TROUBLE! JUST HOW MUCH I CAN'T SAY, BUT THE NEXT MOVE IS UP TO THE COMANCHES!
WE HOPED TO BUILD A NEW LIFE HERE... AND NOW ONE MAN'S RASH ACT HAS RUINED EVERYTHING!

IT'S THAT DIRTY, NO-GOOD LARSON'S FAULT! HE SHOT THAT INJUN, AN' NOW HE'S IN THE CONSTRUCTION TENT DRINKIN' HIS FILL O' STINKIN' BOOZE!
THAT'S THE MAN I WANT TO SEE!

REACHING THE TENT, THE KID PULLED ASIDE THE FLAPS, WHILE THE ANGRY CROWD FOLLOWED AT HIS HEELS...

WHY, YUH DIRTY SKUNK!
SMASH!
CRACK!
I'LL TEACH YUH TUH WASTE GOOD LIQUOR!
OHHHH!
TWO OF YOU MEN KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, AND SEE THAT HE DOESN'T GET AWAY! THE REST OF YOU COME WITH ME!
LEAVE LARSON TUH ME! I'LL WATCH 'IM LIKE A HAWK!
LATE THAT SAME NIGHT, TOWARD THE END OF A LONELY VIGIL...
IT'S LIKE YUH SAID, KID!
THEY'VE COME FOR THEIR COMPANION'S BODY! NOW WHAT?
WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW? THEY SEEM TO BE SCRATCHING AWAY AT THE GROUND!
THEY'RE LEAVING A MESSAGE! FINDING THEIR BRAVE THIS WAY, THEY FIGURE ONE OF US HERE MUST KNOW THEIR CUSTOMS! WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AS SOON AS THEY RIDE OFF!
MOMENTS LATER, WHEN THE INDIANS RODE OFF...
THEY'VE SCRATCHED OUT THE FIGURE OF A MAN AND STUCK AN ARROW INTO IT, AND THERE'S ANOTHER ARROW POINTING OFF! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?
THEY EXPECT US TO TURN OVER THE MAN WHO KILLED THEIR BRAVE! THE POINTING ARROW SHOWS THE DIRECTION HE'S TO TAKE! THE ARROW IN THE FIGURE'S CHEST WILL BE THEIR WAY OF PAYING HIM OFF!

LARSON'S RESPONSIBLE! I SAY SEND HIM OUT! IF WE DON'T, THEM INJUNS'LL GIT US ALL!
HEAVEN KNOWS HE DESERVES IT, BUT WE CAN'T SEND HIM OUT TO HIS DEATH! HOW COULD WE EVER BUILD OUR TOWN WITH OUR HANDS STAINED WITH BLOOD?

THEN SUDDENLY...
THAT WAS A SHOT!
IT CAME FROM THE CONSTRUCTION TENT!
CRACK!

WHEN THEY DASHED INTO THE TENT...
LARSON! HE'S DEAD!
I COULDN'T HELP IT! HE JUMPED ME! TRIED TUH GIT MY GUN AWAY! WE TUSSLED AN' THEN IT WENT OFF!

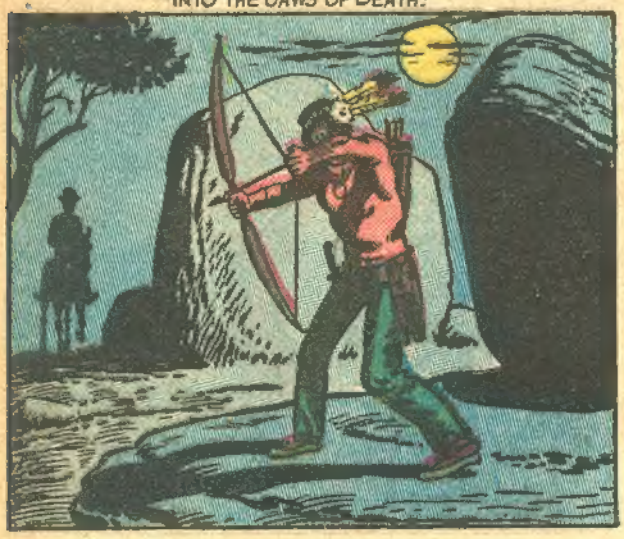
NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! IF THEM INJUNS DON'T GIT THAR SATISFACTION, WE'RE IN FOR A BLOOD BATH FOR SURE!
WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A STAND! GET EVERY MAN IN HERE PRONTO, AND EVERY BIT OF AMMO YOU CAN FIND!

WHEN THE MEN WERE ASSEMBLED...
I'LL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT, MEN! WE'RE IN FOR A FIGHT, AND A BAD ONE! I WON'T MAKE ANY GUESSES ABOUT THE OUTCOME, BUT WE'LL DO OUR BEST! YOU KNOW YOUR POSITIONS, SO GET GOIN'!

SAY, KID... THE DOC'S GONE! I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER CAMP AN' HE AIN'T THERE!
NO SMOKING IN TENT
GET MY HORSE AND LARSON'S BODY! I'VE GOT A RIDE TO MAKE... FAST!

ORDERING THE STARTLED MEN TO STAY PUT, THE KID GALLOPED OFF, THE DEAD BODY OF LARSON SLUNG ACROSS HIS SADDLE...
THE OLD SAWBONES... I SHOULD'VE FIGURED HIM FOR THIS! HE'D DO ANYTHING TO PREVENT BLOODSHED, EVEN TO SACRIFICING HIMSELF! I ONLY HOPE I'M IN TIME!

AS THE MOON APPEARED FROM BEHIND THE CLOUDS IT ILLUMINATED A HARROWING SCENE! SITTING UPRIGHT IN HIS SADDLE, THE OLD DOCTOR CAME FORWARD STRAIGHT INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH!



BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT A LITTLE FIGURE HURTLED DOWN WITH STRIKING FORCE...

IT WAS THEN THAT IT HAD HAPPENED! THE ATTACKED HAD BECOME THE ATTACKER! SLOWLY THE TIGHTENING ARM INCREASED ITS PRESSURE! THE GLIMMER OF STEEL GLISTENED IN THE MOONLIGHT! HIS NUMBED BRAIN FOUGHT OFF THE GROWING DARKNESS IN A LAST HEROIC EFFORT...

BUT AS HE WENT FOR HIS GUNS, A CRY FILLED THE AIR AND AN INDIAN RACED FORWARD...

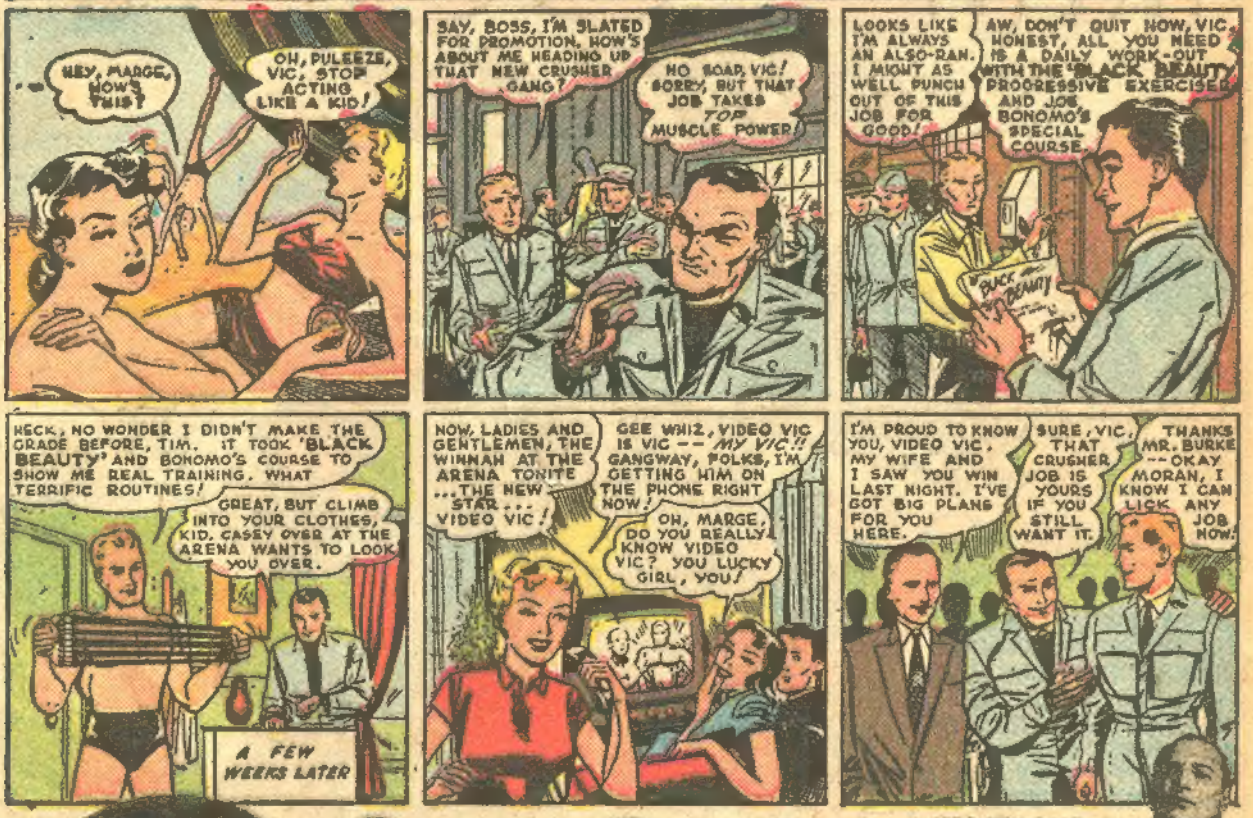
THAT'S RIGHT...AND NEITHER IS THIS MAN! THE ONE WHO KILLED YOUR BROTHER IS DEAD, AND I'VE BROUGHT HIS BODY ALONG FOR PROOF! THIS MAN WAS WILLING TO GIVE HIS OWN LIFE SO THAT BLOODSHED COULD BE AVOIDED!
THEN HE IS TRULY A GREAT MAN!

A MAN WHO WOULD GIVE HIS OWN LIFE TO SAVE OTHERS, IS A MAN OF PEACE! THERE CAN BE NO QUARREL BETWEEN US! WE WELCOME YOU!
THANK YOU! AND I PLEDGE MY PEOPLE TO LIVE IN PEACE WITH THEIR RED BROTHERS!

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN WESTERN THRILLS LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

How 'BLACK BEAUTY' TURNS AN ALSO-RAN into "VIDEO VIC!"


HEY, MARGE, HOW'S THIS?
OH, PLEEEZE, VIC, STOP ACTING LIKE A KID!
SAY, BOSS, I'M SLATED FOR PROMOTION, HOW'S ABOUT ME HEADING UP THAT NEW CRUSHER GANG?
HO BOAP, VIC! SORRY, BUT THAT JOB TAKES TOP MUSCLE POWER!
LOOKS LIKE I'M ALWAYS AN ALSO-RAN. I MIGHT AS WELL PUNCH OUT OF THIS JOB FOR GOOD!
AW, DON'T QUIT NOW, VIC. HONEST, ALL YOU NEED IS A DAILY WORK-OUT WITH THE 'BLACK BEAUTY' PROGRESSIVE EXERCISER AND JOE BONOMO'S SPECIAL COURSE.
HECK, NO WONDER I DIDN'T MAKE THE GRADE BEFORE, TIM. IT TOOK 'BLACK BEAUTY' AND BONOMO'S COURSE TO SHOW ME REAL TRAINING. WHAT TERRIFIC ROUTINES!
GREAT, BUT CLIMB INTO YOUR CLOTHES, KID. CASEY OVER AT THE ARENA WANTS TO LOOK YOU OVER.
A FEW WEEKS LATER
NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE WINNAH AT THE ARENA TONITE ...THE NEW STAR... VIDEO VIC!
GEE WHIZ, VIDEO VIC IS VIC -- MY VIC!! GANGWAY, POLKS, I'M GETTING HIM ON THE PHONE RIGHT NOW!
OH, MARGE, DO YOU REALLY KNOW VIDEO VIC? YOU LUCKY GIRL, YOU!
I'M PROUD TO KNOW YOU, VIDEO VIC. MY WIFE AND I SAW YOU WIN LAST NIGHT. I'VE GOT BIG PLANS FOR YOU HERE.
SURE, VIC. THAT CRUSHER JOB IS YOURS IF YOU STILL WANT IT.
THANKS MR. BURKE -- OKAY MORAN, I KNOW I CAN LICK ANY JOB NOW!

FREE

WITH EVERY COURSE

NEW 5 CABLE

BLACK BEAUTY

PROGRESSIVE EXERCISER

HEAVY DUTY

DEVELOP REAL POWER

INCREASE YOUR STRENGTH • BUILD YOUR BODY

JOE BONOMO

World's Strongest Marvelous of the World, International Authority on Health & Strength.

BECOME AN ALL-AROUND WINNER

WIN FRIENDS • GAIN POPULARITY • BE A SUCCESS

YOUR MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED
SIMPLE PHOTO-INSTRUCTION METHOD
CONTAINS OVER 300 ILLUSTRATIONS
SENT WITH EVERY COURSE FREE

JOE BONOMO SHOWS YOU HOW!

Why grope in the dark wishing? Why let other guys run off with your best girl . . . steal that promotion from you . . . take away that position on the team? Now, in the amazing new 'Black-Beauty' 5-Cable Progressive Exerciser and Joe Bonomo's personal instruction 'Power-Plus' method you, too, can become an *all-around winner!*

SCIENTIFIC AND HOW!

Wait 'til you see what fast progress you make to real power with *'Black Beauty'* and *Joe Bonomo.* They're with you 'til you're "TOPS" in the field.

Bernarr Macfadden says:

"As an instructor in muscle building, you should stand at the head of the list. Many of your pupils already attest to your ability in building better bodies. I can recommend you most highly. Here's wishing you all possible success!"

Jack Dempsey says:

"I consider your "Power-Plus" Course tops for all-around physical development — power, strength — endurance. The secrets and short cuts you reveal with your system of body development are miraculous and I cannot endorse your course too highly."

COMPLETE 'POWER-PLUS' CABLE COURSE

$4.95 Including 'BLACK BEAUTY'

5 CABLE EXERCISER FREE!

(Worth 5.95 alone)

LOOK AT WHAT YOU GET!

This big action-packed *'Power-Plus'* CABLE COURSE is literally packed with dynamite . . . every word batted out for you by Joe Bonomo himself. Many of today's strongmen paid $25.00 for these same instructions as a personalized mail order course. You get it now for only $4.95 . . . including Joe Bonomo's famous *'Black Beauty'* Progressive 5-Cable Exerciser as a FREE gift to you. Don't wait! Act RIGHT AWAY!

CUT OUT THE DREAMING!

Strongmen think fast . . . act fast! Now that you've made up your mind . . . do something about it quickly! Get going! Send your order in right away!

ACT NOW FOR FREE OFFER

STRONGMEN'S CLUB OF AMERICA
Joe Bonomo, Director
1841 Broadway, Dept. MC-7
New York 23, New York

MAIL THIS "NO-RISK" COUPON NOW!

Okay, Joe! Rush me your 'Power-Plus' Cable Course including, FREE of any additional charge, your new 'Black Beauty' 5-Cable Progressive Exerciser. I'll try the 'Power-Plus' Bonomo method for 2 weeks. If I am not 100% satisfied I can return it for an immediate refund.

☐ I enclose $4.95 in ☐ check, ☐ money order, ☐ cash.
☐ Send C.O.D. for $4.95 plus shipping charges.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State____

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Foreign (Except Canadian) Add $1.05 Additional

Strongmen's Club of America, Dept. MC-7 1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

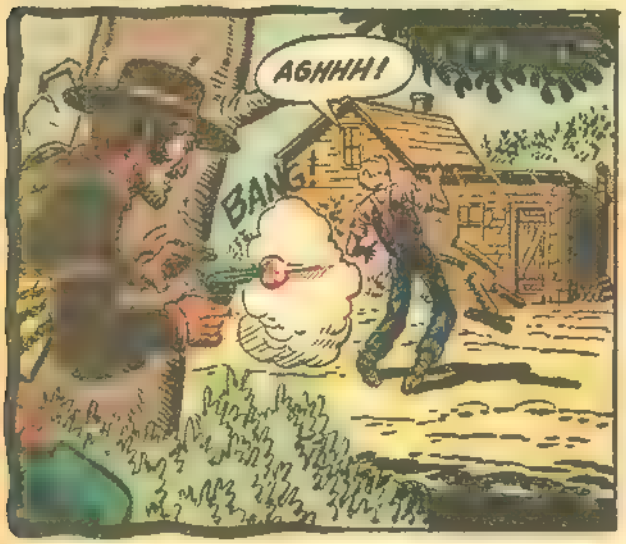
KID COLT OUTLAW

BANG!
BANG!
DOWN, BOY... DOWN!
THERE WAS NOTHING IN THE DAY TO BETRAY THE DANGER THAT LAY ALONG THE ROCKY TRAIL! THE SUN STOOD HIGH IN THE CLOUDLESS SKY AND TIME SLIPPED BY LIKE A MEANDERING STREAM, AND THEN IT HAPPENED! TWIN BLASTS OF ECHOING VIOLENCE, AND DEATH SCREAMED PAST HIS EAR LIKE THE CURSE OF A THOUSAND SINNERS!
E 554
JACK KELLER

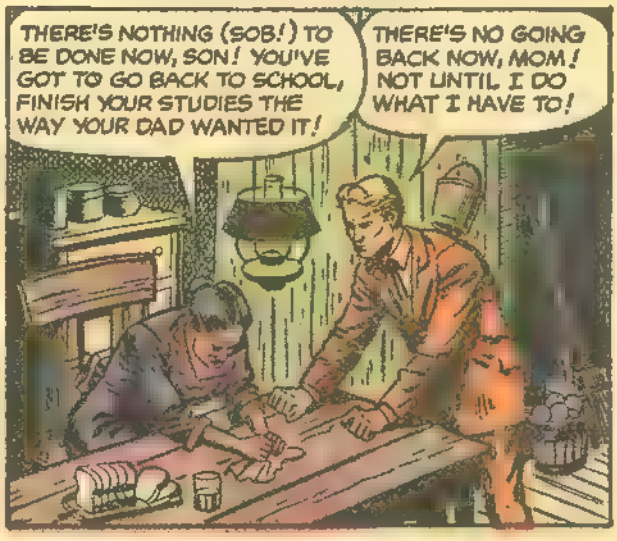
SO HE HIT THE DIRT WITH THE PRACTICED SKILL OF AN EXPERT, AND WITH THE FAMOUS GUNS PRIMED AND READY TO GO, HE PEEPED OUT FROM BEHIND HIS ROCKY COVER...
WHY, HE'S ONLY A KID! NO MORE THAN EIGHTEEN OR NINETEEN AT THE MOST! I RECKON HE CAN TAKE A LITTLE LESSON IN MANNERS!

I DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO BEIN' SHOT AT, YOUNG FELLA, SO I RECKON YOU'D BETTER START TALKING! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
IT WAS A MISTAKE! I TOOK YOU FOR SOMEONE ELSE! THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT!
I'D SAY THERE WAS A LOT MORE! DON'T MAKE ME RIDE HERD ON YOU, YOUNG FELLA, BUT I DON'T TAKE SASS FROM MOST, LEAST-WAYS A GUN-TOTIN' BUCKEROO LIKE YOU! NOW WHAT'S YORE NAME... PRONTO!
G-GREG... GREG PETERSON!
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! MY NAME'S KID COLT!
KID COLT! YOU MEAN KID COLT, THE MOST FAMOUS OUTLAW OF 'EM ALL? W-WHY YOU COULD'VE DRILLED ME IN NO TIME, AN' I WOULD'VE DESERVED IT!
YOU DON'T MAKE SENSE, GREG! I DON'T GO AROUND DRILLIN' PEOPLE, SO I THINK YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
WHY I WANT TO BE AN OUTLAW, THAT'S WHAT! I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO BREAK IN OVER TWO YEARS NOW! THAT'S WHAT BROUGHT ME HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!
SO THE YOUNG HOPEFUL RANTED ON, WHILE THE MOST FAMOUS OUTLAW OF THEM ALL LISTENED WITH GROWING CONCERN...
I'M PRACTICALLY A MEMBER OF JACK BRENT'S GANG! HE SENT ME OUT HERE TO CASH IN SOMEONE BY THE NAME OF GUS BAILEY! HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE HEADIN' THIS WAY, AN' THAT'S HOW I MISTOOK HIM FOR YOU! ANYWAY, BRENT SAID IF I DID A GOOD JOB, HE'D LET ME JOIN UP!
BUT I DON'T CARE MUCH ABOUT JOININ' UP WITH HIM! I'D RATHER RIDE WITH YOU ANY TIME!
I RECKON YOU WOULD, GREG, ONLY YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT THIS OUT-LAW LIFE WRONG SIDE OUT!
IT'S NOT WHAT YOU THINK IT IS! I'D CHANGE PLACES WITH YOU RIGHT NOW IF I COULD, ONLY I CAN'T! I'M AN OUTLAW AND I HATE IT, BUT IT WASN'T MY CHOICE! I JUST COULDN'T HELP MYSELF! THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY!
HOW DO YOU MEAN, KID?

"IT GOES BACK QUITE A BIT NOW! THE TIME MY DAD WAS SHOT DOWN IN AMBUSH BY A PAID KILLER! HE NEVER SAW IT HAPPEN! NEVER HAD A CHANCE..."

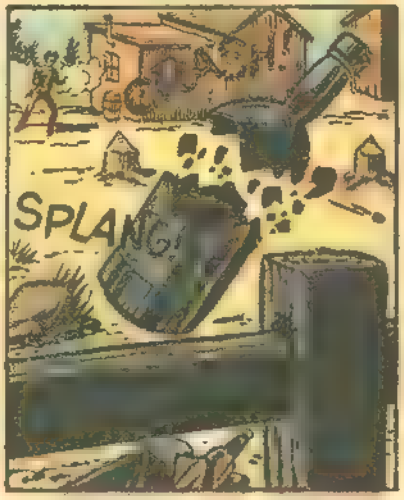


"I WAS AT SCHOOL BACK EAST AT THE TIME, BUT THE NEWS BROUGHT ME BACK! IT WAS A TERRIBLE SHOCK FOR ME AND MY MOTHER..."

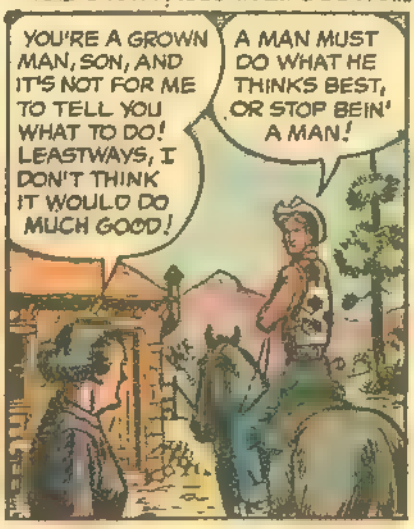

THERE'S NOTHING (SOB!) TO BE DONE NOW, SON! YOU'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL, FINISH YOUR STUDIES THE WAY YOUR DAD WANTED IT!
THERE'S NO GOING BACK NOW, MOM! NOT UNTIL I DO WHAT I HAVE TO!

"IT WAS THEN THAT I TOOK UP THE GUNS, MY DAD'S GUNS! THEY WERE TOOLS I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT, BUT I WAS DETERMINED TO LEARN ALL I COULD..."

"AND I LEARNED! AT THE END OF A YEAR I COULD HIT A BOTTLE AT FIFTY PACES, AND DO IT ON THE DRAW..."



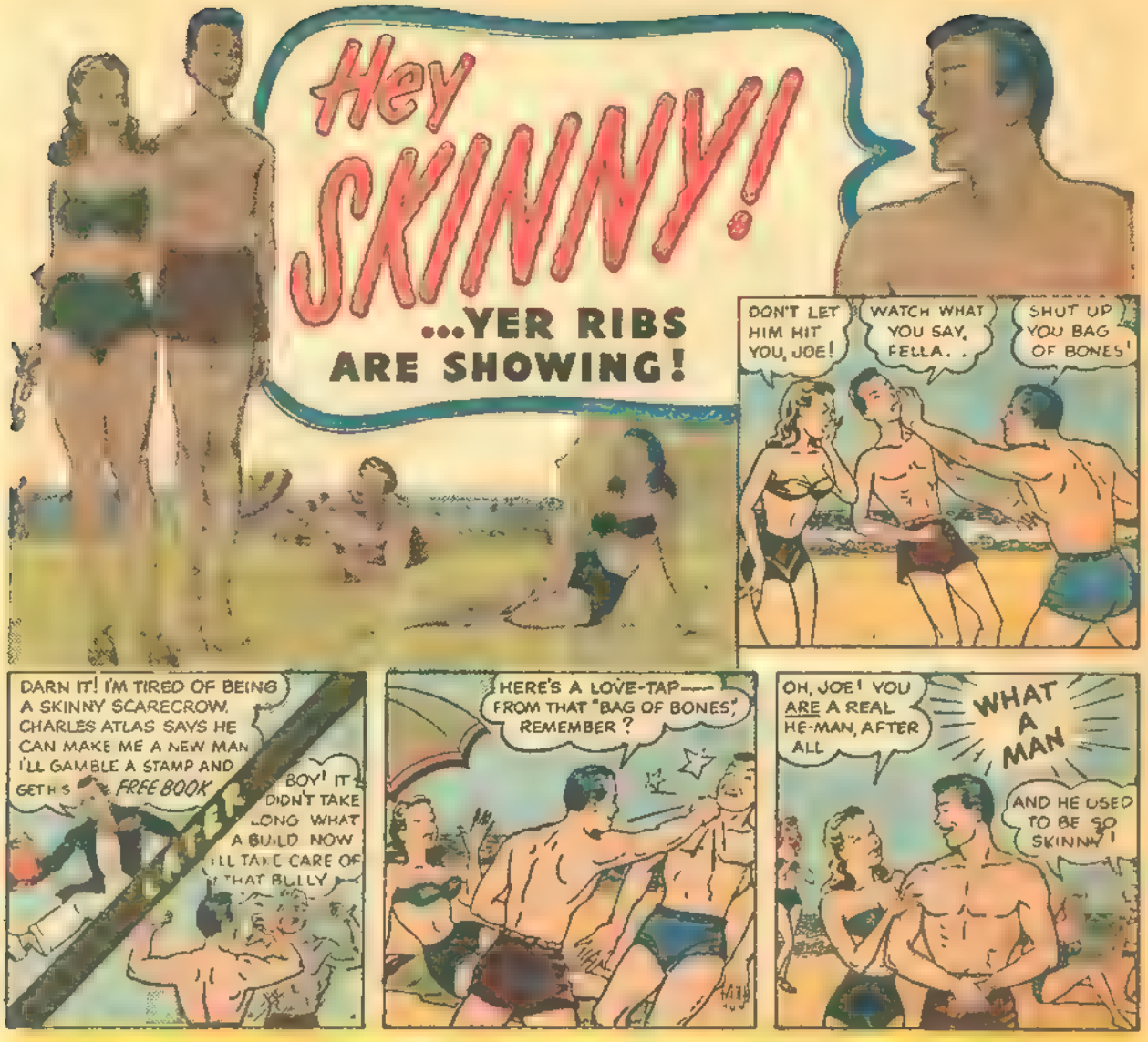
"THEN I WAS READY FOR THE JOB I HAD TO DO! THE GRIMMEST TASK I HAD EVER FACED IN LIFE SO FAR."


YOU'RE A GROWN MAN, SON, AND IT'S NOT FOR ME TO TELL YOU WHAT TO DO! LEASTWAYS, I DON'T THINK IT WOULD DO MUCH GOOD!
A MAN MUST DO WHAT HE THINKS BEST, OR STOP BEIN' A MAN!

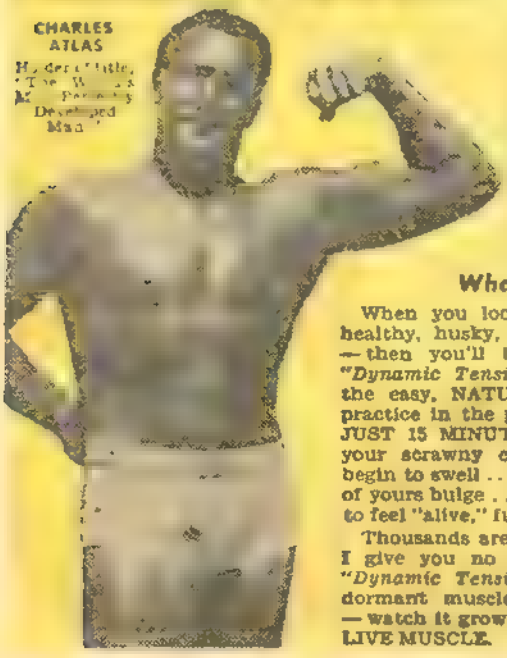
"THERE WASN'T MUCH TO GO ON, BUT SLOWLY I PIECED THE FRAGMENTS TOGETHER! IT CAME FROM ALL SOURCES AND IT SPELLED THE NAME OF A MAN CALLED MARKSON, AND SO HE BECAME THE OBJECT OF MY SEARCH! SIX MONTHS PASSED AND THEN A LEAD BROUGHT ME TO THE OASIS SALOON..."

THEN YUH C'N STOP LOOKIN'! I'M MARKSON! WHAT YUH WANT?
TO BRING YOU BACK TO CLAY COUNTY, TO STAND TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF WILLIAM COLT!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...


Hey SKINNY!
...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!
DON'T LET HIM HIT YOU, JOE!
WATCH WHAT YOU SAY, FELLA. .
SHUT UP YOU BAG OF BONES!
DARN IT! I'M TIRED OF BEING A SKINNY SCARECROW. CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN MAKE ME A NEW MAN I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK
LATER
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG WHAT A BUILD NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT BULLY
HERE'S A LOVE-TAP— FROM THAT "BAG OF BONES," REMEMBER ?
OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL HE-MAN, AFTER ALL
WHAT A MAN
AND HE USED TO BE SO SKINNY!

I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. **THEN I discovered my body-building system, "*Dynamic Tension*."** It made me such a *complete* specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast **"*Dynamic Tension*" GETS RESULTS!** It is the easy, **NATURAL** method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — **JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY.** Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With **"*Dynamic Tension*"** you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid **LIVE MUSCLE.**

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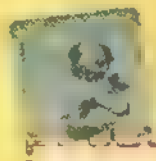
Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* 32 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A *real prize* for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally *Charles Atlas, Dept. 60G, 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.*



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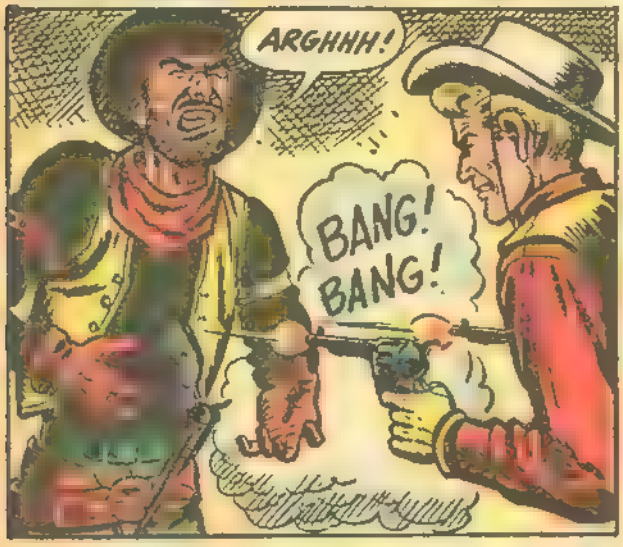
Name _____ Age____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

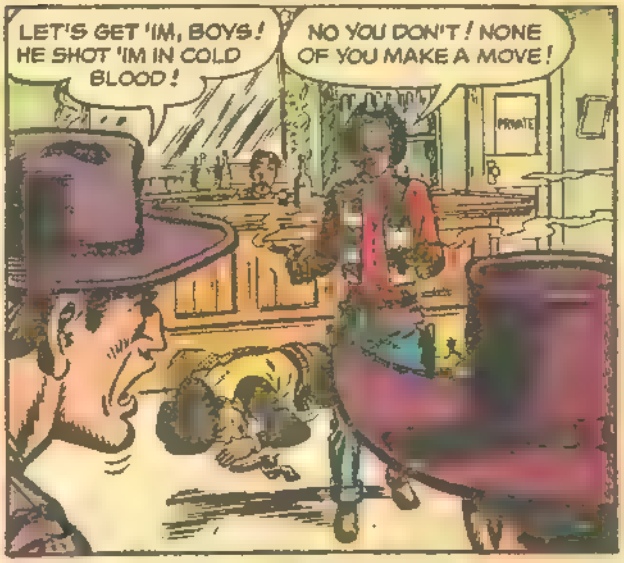
City_____ State_____

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

"THERE WAS A BRIEF PAUSE AND THEN HIS HANDS WENT FOR HIS SIDES! I WAS ALMOST GLAD HE DID THAT! IT MADE THINGS SIMPLER... A LOT SIMPLER..."



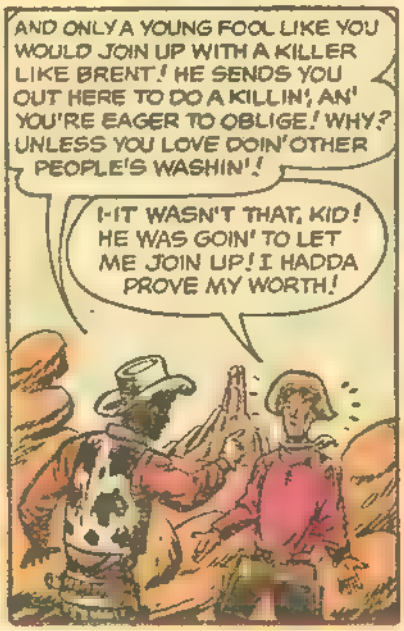
"THEN THE OTHERS, FRIENDS OF MARKSON, CAME TOWARD ME..."



"THEN I WAS ON MY OWN! FIGHTING FOR MY LIFE! I HAD MADE MY MOVE, AND THERE WAS NO GOING BACK..."

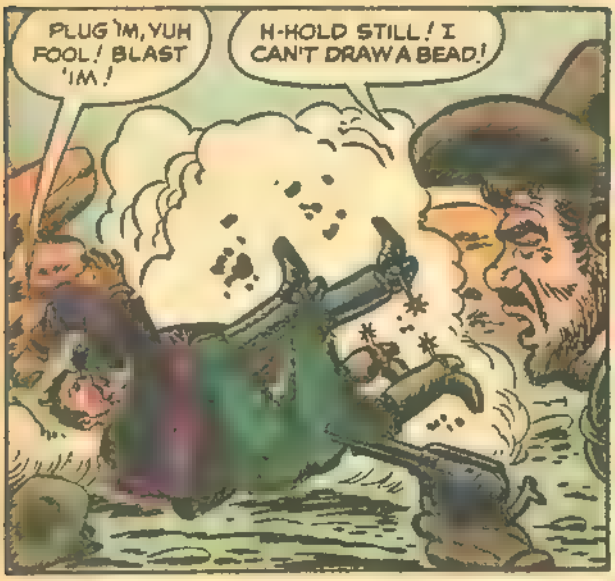
"I BECAME A WANTED MAN WITH A PRICE ON MY HEAD! THE OWL HOOT TRAIL WAS THE ONLY ONE I COULD FOLLOW! I WAS FORCED TO LIVE OUTSIDE THE LAW, AND THE NIGHTS WERE SPENT ELUDING THE POSSES DETERMINED TO RIDE ME DOWN..."

AND THAT'S THE WAY IT HAS BEEN EVER SINCE! THE KIND OF LIFE YOU SAY YOU'RE HANKERIN' TO GET INTO!
BUT ALL YOU'VE TOLD ABOUT IS THE BAD PART! WHAT ABOUT THE GLORY, AND ALL THE RESPECT YOU GET? YORE NAME ALONE MAKES PEOPLE GIVE ROOM! ONLY A FOOL WOULD TANGLE WITH YOU!


AND ONLY A YOUNG FOOL LIKE YOU WOULD JOIN UP WITH A KILLER LIKE BRENT! HE SENDS YOU OUT HERE TO DO A KILLIN', AN' YOU'RE EAGER TO OBLIGE! WHY? UNLESS YOU LOVE DOIN' OTHER PEOPLE'S WASHIN'!
I-IT WASN'T THAT, KID! HE WAS GOIN' TO LET ME JOIN UP! I HADDA PROVE MY WORTH!

BRENT!
SO THIS IS THE KINDA GRATITUDE I GET! I G VE YUH A CHANCE TUH MAKE GOOD, AN' NSTEAD YUH TEAM UP WITH THIS NO-GOOD, SLIPPERY-TONGUED VARMINT!
OUR LINES'VE CROSSED ONCE TOO MANY, COLT! THIS TIME I'M GONNA TAKE CARE O' YUH REAL PROPER, AS SOON AS I WRAP UP SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS!
I'M READY TO SETTLE THINGS NOW, BRENT! ALL I ASK FOR IS A THREE COUNT, AND THEN FIRE AT WILL!
THAT SUITS ME FINE! GIT SET! ONE... TWO...
OHHHH!
HA, HA, HA! HA, HA!
THUD!
YOU HIT 'IM FROM BEHIND! THAT'S THE SNEAKIEST...
OHHHH!
SLAP!
THEN...
HERE COMES BAILEY NOW! HEADIN' STRAIGHT THIS WAY!
GOOD! I'M COMIN' UP!
BUT AS BRENT STALKED OFF, YOUNG GREG MADE HIS PLAY...
HUH!
5

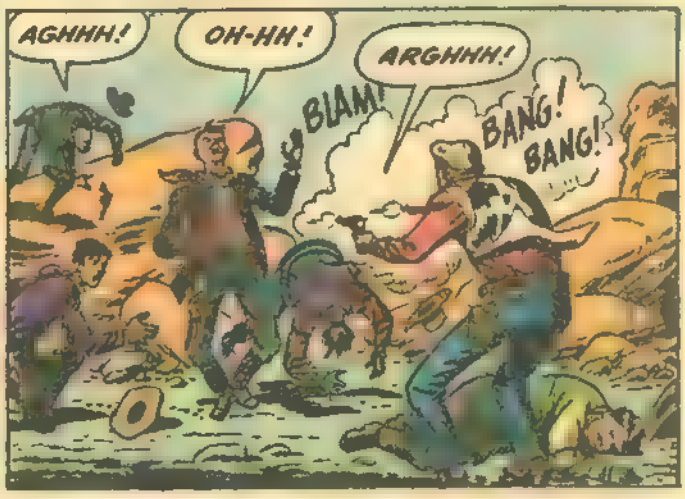
THEN, AS THE PAIR THRASHED ABOUT ON THE GROUND..



BUT AS THE GUNMAN TOOK AIM, THE KID WAS COMING TO...

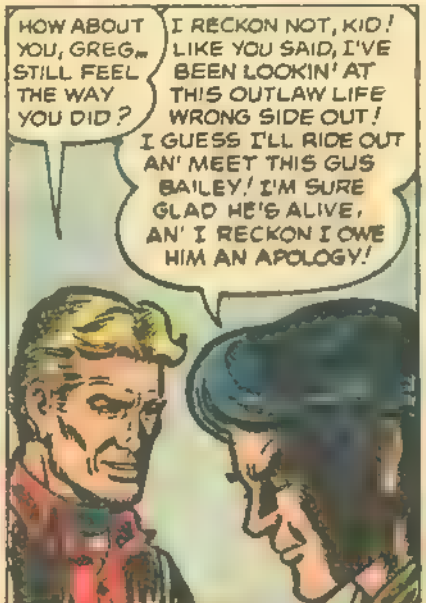
AND WITH A CAT-LIKE LEAP...

THEN, TO YOUNG GREG'S AMAZEMENT, THE AIR SHUDDERED TO THE THUNDEROUS BLASTS OF THE FAMOUS TWIN COLTS, AND HIS EYES BULGED AS EACH SHOT UNERRINGLY FOUND ITS MARK...



MOMENTS LATER...

YOU GOT 'EM' ALL THREE OF 'EM!
THEY'RE THE ONLY KIND WORTH GETTIN', GREG! SOME FOLKS MIGHT SAY THAT, AS AN OUT-LAW, I'M NO BETTER'N THEM, BUT THERE'S A DIFFERENCE! I DIDN'T CHOOSE TO BE ONE, BUT THEY DID!


HOW ABOUT YOU, GREG... STILL FEEL THE WAY YOU DID?
I RECKON NOT, KID! LIKE YOU SAID, I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' AT THIS OUTLAW LIFE WRONG SIDE OUT! I GUESS I'LL RIDE OUT AN' MEET THIS GUS BAILEY! I'M SURE GLAD HE'S ALIVE, AN' I RECKON I OWE HIM AN APOLOGY!

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW, STEEL, AN' I'M SURE GLAD I WAS ABLE TO HELP! RECKON IT'LL ALWAYS BE THE OUTLAW TRAIL FOR US, BUT SO LONG AS WE CAN HELP STRAIGHTEN OUT YOUNG FELLAS LIKE GREG, WE'RE DOIN' OUR BIT... LITTLE AS IT IS!
THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN WESTERN THRILLS LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

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10 Unusual Stamps Showing Evil Dictator

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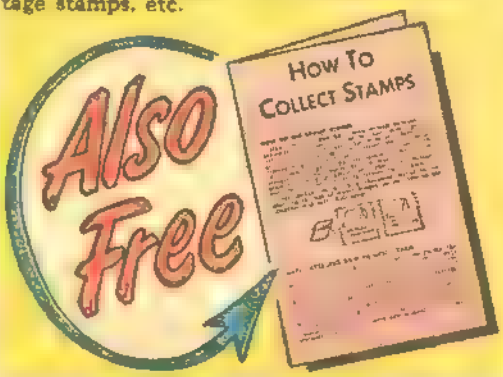
Dept. MAR 7, Littleton, New Hampshire



LITTLETON STAMP CO.,
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A BRAVE COMES HOME

AS a child, the Cheyenne Kid, had been known as White Cloud to the other members of his tribe. It was only when he had grown up, and taken on white-man's ways, that he had earned himself the nickname of "The Cheyenne Kid."

He was having a drink in the Last Chance Saloon, standing at the far corner of the bar, when he overheard the three wranglers talking.

"Jessie said it's okay to turn the Indians loose on the squatters. He said you should go out there and talk to Running Wolf. When the squatters are attacked, the army will stop the thing. Then the Indians will lose their land and you'll get your share. The tests show that the Indian land is filled with oil."

The bearded man leaned in closer. "I've already got the redskins all whipped up. They think the squatters are going to take their land away from them. They're all set to go on the warpath, now. I'll need some more fire-water to bring out to them."

The third man laughed. "I just hope them blasted injuns don't lose their heads and start coming after us. The fire-water in the buckboard out in front of Able's Hardware Store. You'd better get going."

The Cheyenne Kid gulped his drink down. So *this* was the reason for the reports he had heard about unusual activity going on in the Indian territory? The Government had passed a law, saying that if the Indians attacked any white settlers, they would lose all claim to their own land. These rats were capitalizing on it. He pulled his hat down over his eyes and walked out the side door into the alleyway. He hoped that the two men left at the table would not notice how close he had been, but as soon as he stepped into the alley he knew that it wasn't so. He saw the shadow and whirled, but a heavy weight came crashing down on his head, and he swam into the pool of inky blackness that sucked him deeper and deeper into unconsciousness . . .

When he awoke it was dark. He staggered to his feet, and, supporting himself against the side of the building, he managed to reach the front porch. The swimming haze before him cleared slowly, and the whole thing came back to him. He had to get out to the Indian lands and warn the tribe of the whole plot against them. He knew that the bearded man had at least half a day's start on him, and he could only hope that the braves, and especially Chief Running Wolf, were not so drunk on the white man's liquor that they would not listen to a warning from one of their own tribesmen.

His head fully cleared now, although his head still ached from the sneaky blow that someone had dealt him, he headed for the stable where he kept his horse. He mounted the black, and spurred off to the hills in the direction of his people's land.

He was riding hard, thinking of what lies the bearded man might now be telling his old Chief, when a shot pierced the darkness behind him. The shot brought him back to reality, and only then did he hear the hoofbeats of horses on the soft earth. He reined his black up, and guided him into the pines out of the way of the approaching horses. When they came closer he heard the voices.

"Are you sure he came this way?"

"Yeah. It's the quickest way to the Cheyenne country, and he sure enough heard us talking."

"We'd better hurry and get there to give Ruskin a hand, in case that dirty Cheyenne Kid

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT STORY ..

NOW You Can Fly a Real JET PLANE!

New, Amazing SIL-O-JETS actually Fly at a Scale Speed of 600 M.P.H.

NOTHING LIKE IT FOR FUN • THRILLS • EXCITEMENT

Imagine! You can now fly a real jet-propelled plane . . . just like the ones that are making the headlines today. You and your friends will love the way these supersonic thrillers take off under their own JET power, climb 500 feet, loop, circle, stunt — and then go into a long glide and come to a smooth 3-point landing. Yes, they're the fastest, hottest planes you've ever seen . . . each SIL-O-JET a 14 inches of greased lightning that **actually flies at a scale speed of 600 m.p.h.**

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The SIL-O-JETS come complete with the famous JETEX #50 jet engine and all parts cut out for you. Just follow the easy instructions, glue the parts together—and you're set for all the thrills of real jet flight.

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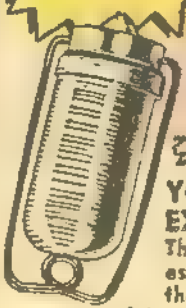

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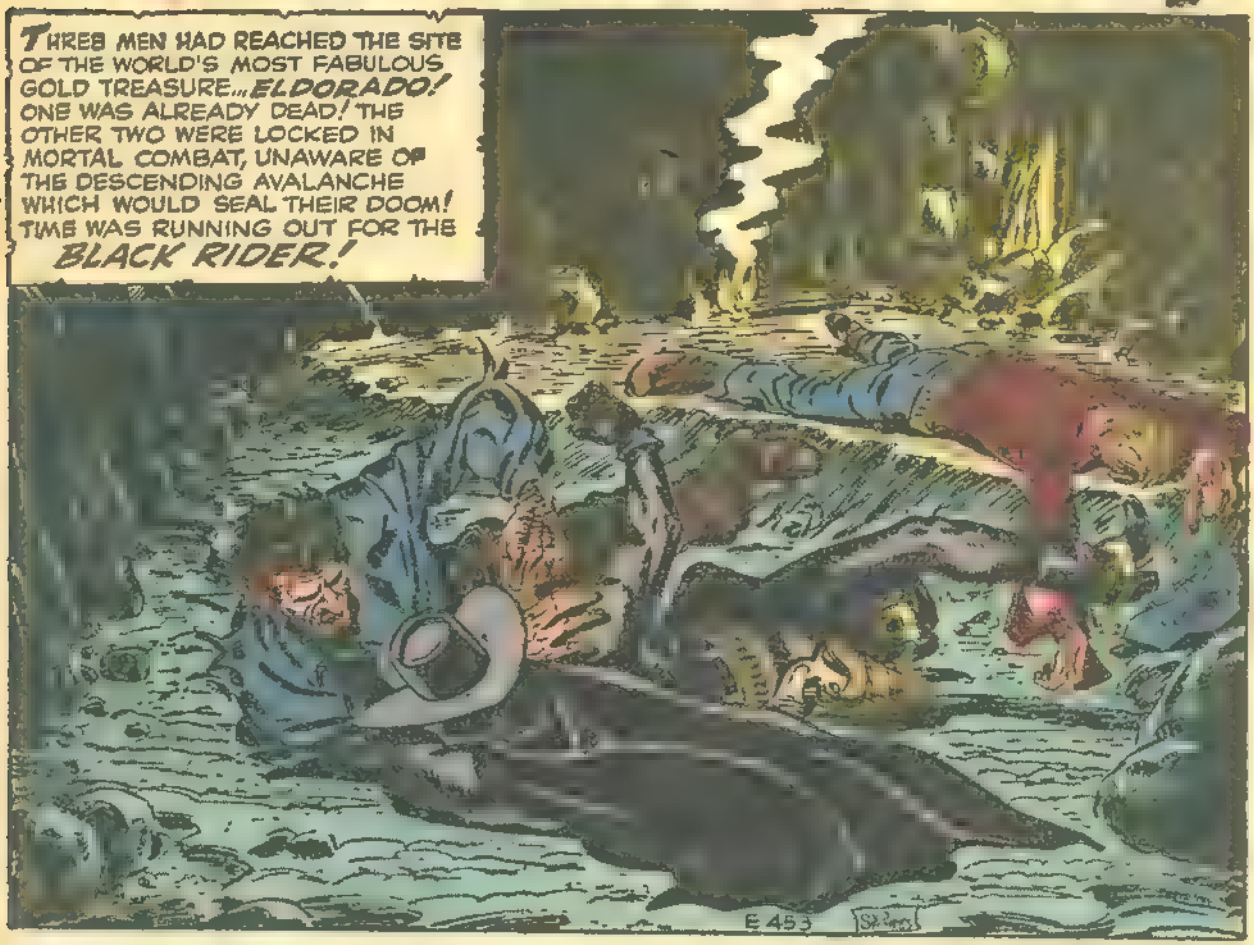
BLACK RIDER

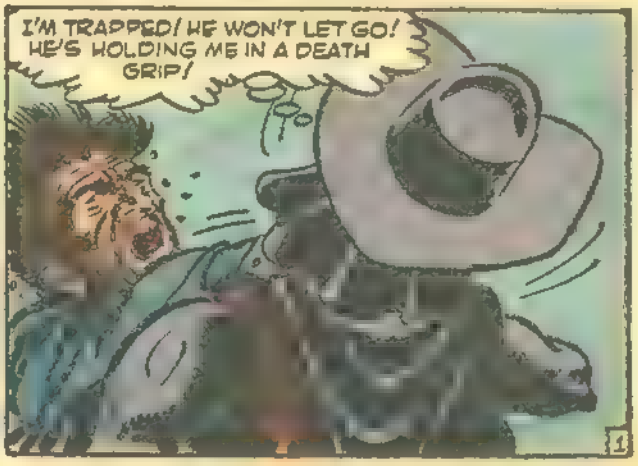
MYSTERY MAN OF THE WESTERN RANGE!

IN ELDORADO!


THREE MEN HAD REACHED THE SITE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FABULOUS GOLD TREASURE... ELDORADO! ONE WAS ALREADY DEAD! THE OTHER TWO WERE LOCKED IN MORTAL COMBAT, UNAWARE OF THE DESCENDING AVALANCHE WHICH WOULD SEAL THEIR DOOM! TIME WAS RUNNING OUT FOR THE BLACK RIDER!
E 453

THROUGH THE THROBBING RUSH OF BLOOD IN HIS EARS, THE BLACK RIDER HEARD THE OMINOUS ROAR OF LOOSE STONE AND SHALE CRASHING DOWN...

AS HE STRUGGLED DESPERATELY TO BREAK AWAY, TRIGGER YATES' DYING HANDS SEIZED HIM IN A VISE-LIKE CLUTCH...



IT HAD ALL BEGUN ON A FATEFUL DAY NOT LONG AGO! DOC MASTERS WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE HIS OFFICE TO ANSWER A CALL, WHEN...

HMM; NOW WHO COULD THAT BE? I THOUGHT MY OFFICE APPOINTMENTS WERE ALL CLEARED UP!

KNOCK

D-DOC, I...

DOC MASTERS DRAGGED THE STRICKEN MAN TO A COT AND BENT OVER HIM ANXIOUSLY...

WHAT HAPPENED? WHO DID THIS TO YOU?

YATES! IT DOESN'T MATTER ABOUT ME! I F-FOUND ELDORADO ...SOLID GOLD! BUT IT'S CURSED, DOC! IT'S CURSED!

SOLID GOLD... A MOUNTAIN OF IT! IT'S BETTER LEFT HIDDEN... TOO MUCH GREED! GO TO SLIDE MOUNTAIN... IT'S BEHIND SADDLE ROCK!

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH! YOU CAN TALK LATER!

A HOARSE RATTLE CHOKED THE MAN'S LUNGS, AND...

HE'S DEAD!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?

DON'T GIT YORESELF RILED UP, SAWBONES! THAT STIFF YONDER'S GOT SOMETHING OF MINE IN HIS HAND!

OKAY, TRIGGER, I GOT IT!

YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED! NOW CLEAR OUT!

THEY LEFT, AND DOC'S EYES CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF TATTERED PAPER IN THE DEAD MAN'S HAND...

THEY KILLED HIM FOR A SCRAP OF PAPER... BUT SOME OF IT IS STILL IN HIS HAND! HE MENTIONED ELDORADO!

PART OF A MAP! HE MUMBLED SOMETHING ABOUT A FABULOUS GOLD STRIKE... AND HERE'S THE PART MARKED SADDLE ROCK!

IN THE SECLUSION OF HIS BARN THE GOOD DOCTOR GARBED HIMSELF IN THE FLOWING BLACK COSTUME OF...*THE BLACK RIDER!*

IT'S A SAFE BET THEY'LL USE THE PART OF THE MAP THEY'VE GOT TO LOCATE THE GOLD! OUR JOB IS TO BEAT THEM TO IT, SATAN! SLIDE MOUNTAIN IS OUR GOAL!

THE MIGHTY DUO THUNDERED OUT INTO A RAGING STORM ON AN ERRAND OF VENGEANCE AND HIGH ADVENTURE...

GREED AND MUTUAL DISTRUST ALREADY GRIPPED THE DESPERATE TREASURE SEEKERS...

THE BLASTED FOOL LEFT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE MAP IN YATES'S HAND... BUT I FIGGER WE'LL FIND THE GOLD ANYWAY!

YEAH... BUT IT'D BE A SHAME TO HAVE TO SPLIT WITH LOOMIS! WE'D GET MORE IF WE CUT HIM OUT!

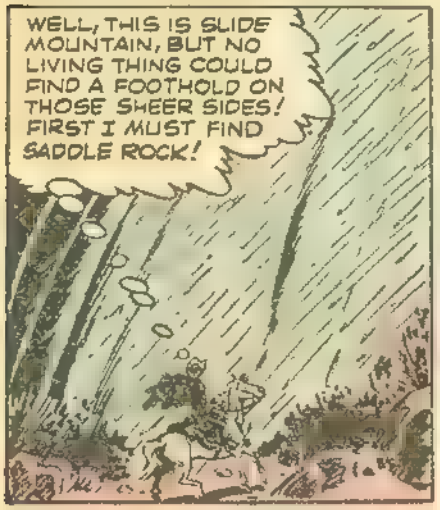
LOOMIS! WAKE UP! WE'RE MOVIN' OUT!

TRIGGER YATES' GUNS BLAZED MOMENTARILY AS HE SNUFFED OUT THE LIFE OF HIS ERSTWHILE COMPANION DAN LOOMIS...

TWO CAN EAT MORE PIE THAN THREE, LOOMIS!

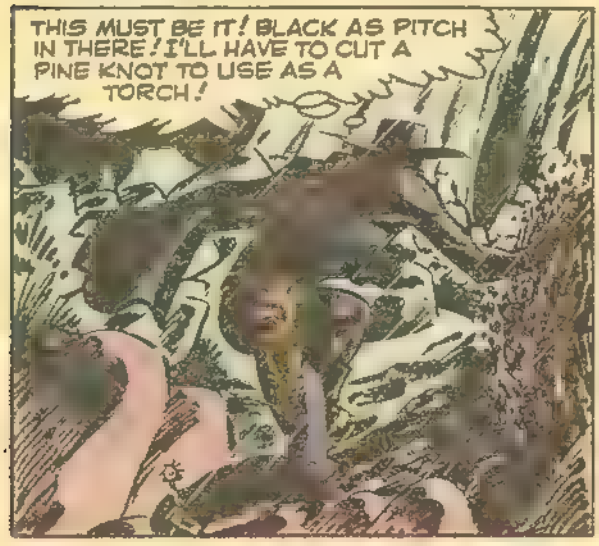
WHAM

IT WAS THREE HOURS LATER THAT THE BLACK RIDER STOOD IN A RAVINE STARING UP AT THE JAGGED FINGER OF GRANITE AND QUARTZ THAT WAS SLIDE MOUNTAIN...

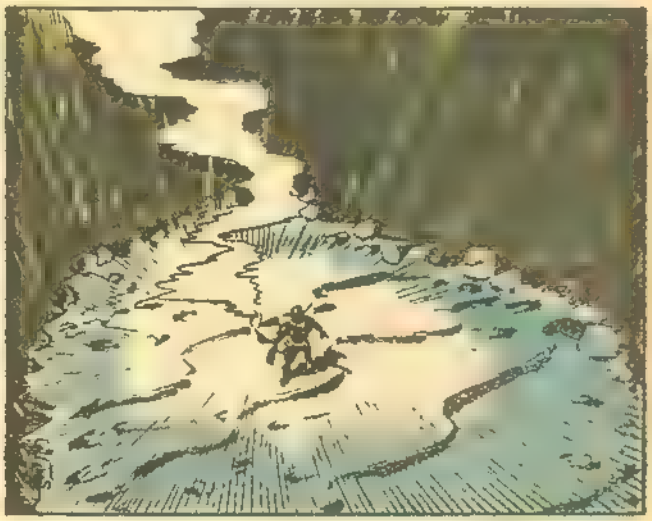


CIRCLING THE BASE OF THE GRANITE HEAP, SLOWLY THE BLACK RIDER'S EYES SCANNED ITS SURFACE FOR THE SPOT MARKED ON THE FRAGMENT OF MAP...

BEHIND A MAZE OF TWISTED VINES AND BRUSH, THE BLACK RIDER FOUND THE SECRET... THE NARROW ENTRANCE TO A CAVE...



MINUTES LATER, THE SPUTTERING TORCH BROKE AWAY THE DARKNESS TO REVEAL *ELDORADO... A VAST CAVE WHOSE WALLS GLITTERED WITH PURE GOLD!*



SUDDENLY, A HARSH VOICE GRATED BEHIND HIM AND ECHOED THROUGH THE LABYRINTHINE CHAMBERS OF THE VAULTED CAVE...

UNCOILING LIKE A STEEL SPRING, THE BLACK RIDER SENT A FLAMING TORCH HURTLING THROUGH THE AIR IN A METEORIC SHOWER OF SPARKS...

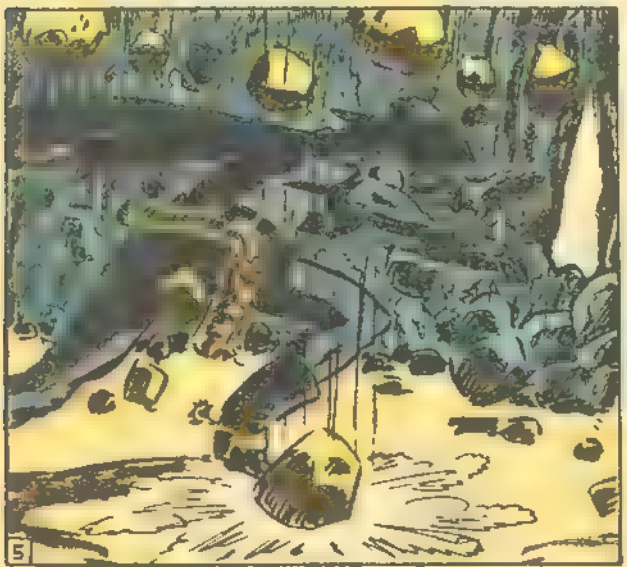
THE BLACK RIDER'S LONG-MUZZLED COLTS LEAPED FROM THEIR HOLSTERS AND PROBED THE CAVERN WITH DEADLY FINGERS...

BUT THE VIOLENT EXPLOSIONS DID SOMETHING ELSE IN THAT VAULTED CHAMBER OF DEATH! THE TERRIFIC VIBRATIONS ECHOED AGAINST THE GRANITE WALLS AND OPENED UP A HAIRLINE CRACK...

UNAWARE OF THE RAPIDLY YAWNING FISSURE SPLITTING THE CAVERN ROOF, TRIGGER YATES ATTACKED...

AND NOW THE BLACK RIDER'S THOUGHTS FLASHED TO THE PRESENT! HE TORE SAVAGELY AT YATES' DEATH GRIP IN A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT TO REACH SAFETY!

THE AVALANCHE RIPPED DOWN AS THE BLACK RIDER DIVED THROUGH THE TORRENT OF DEBRIS...

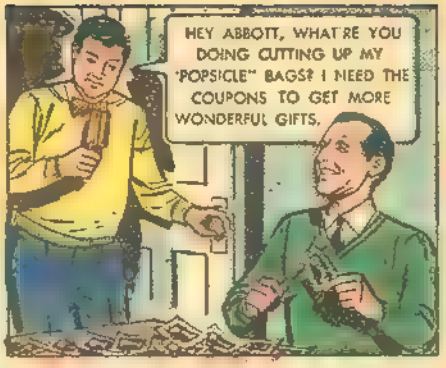


SAFE AT LAST, THE BLACK RIDER HEARD THE RUMBLING CRASH OF AN INFERNO AS THE FABULOUS ELDORADO WAS BURIED UNDER TONS OF GRANITE AND SHALE...

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN WESTERN THRILLS LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

ABBOTT AND COSTELLO in "Popsicle" CUT-UPS



WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THOSE?
ENTER THE BIG "POPSICLE" CONTEST. PASTE THE "SICLE" BALLS ON THE PICTURE AND COLOR IT. YOU CAN WIN A BICYCLE! ENTER AS MANY TIMES AS YOU WISH!

YOU CAN STILL ENTER THIS $62,500 "Popsicle" CONTEST

1000 Columbia BICYCLES

100 EACH WEEK FOR 10 WEEKS

GIVEN AWAY TO WINNERS

HURRY... LAST CONTEST CLOSES AUGUST 14th

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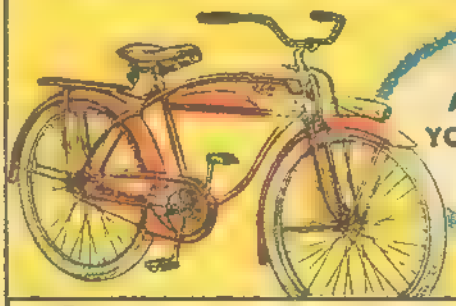

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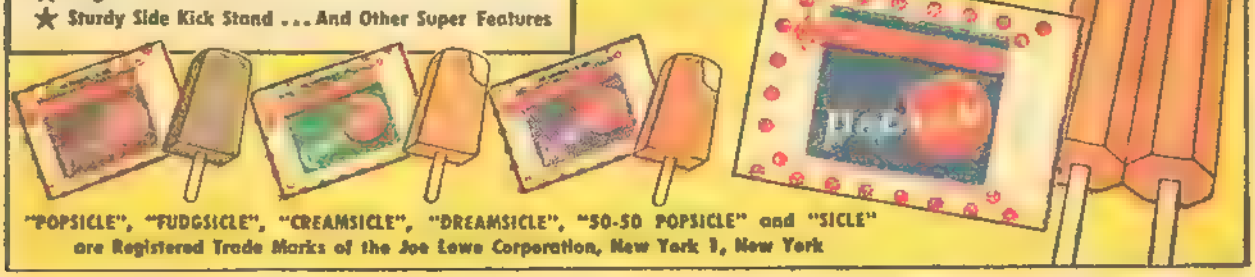

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...CONTINUED

tries to gum up the works."

The Cheyenne Kid thought quickly. He'd be better taking a chance here with these two—considering the element of surprise—than in the Indian village where intoxicated braves might think that these were their friends. He drew his gun and spurred his black out into the open. "All right," he shouted. "Put up your hands."

Both men went for their guns as he knew they would. His first shot took one of them in the neck. The other fired, and he felt a sharp sting in his left shoulder. He covered the other and pulled the trigger before the man could shoot a second time. The man slumped out of the saddle onto the ground, and the frightened horses trotted off into the darkness.

He was hit, but there was no time to tend to his wound. He had to get to the village.

He rode hard, and in about another two hours he saw the twinkling lights of the village campfires. The horse was lathered with sweat as he rode into the village. The hundreds of braves, painted up for war had guns drawn on him as he slid from his black to the ground. He spoke in Indian tongue and told them who he was. His old friend, Black Bear came up to him and helped him into his lodge. Black Bear started to treat his wound.

"Who did this to you, White Cloud? Pale-faces? We will soon avenge you."

"No," gasped the Kid, "No time to fix the wound. I must see Chief Running Wolf. They are trying to trick our people into losing our lands." He told Black Bear the whole story, and Black Bear shook his head sadly.

"It will be hard to convince our Chief and our people. They are filled with the fire-water of these men, and believe them to be our friends. I believe you, White Cloud, but — Come, speak to Running Wolf."

With Black Bear's help, the Cheyenne Kid got to his feet and walked out of the lodge into the open. He saw the men preparing for war, and the women and children, helping to get everything in readiness.

"This must be stopped," he whispered hoarsely, "or our people will be ruined."

Black Bear supported him, and together they went to the lodge of Chief Running Wolf.

There smoking the pipe with the chief was the bearded man known as Ruskin.

"This man is no friend," blurted the Kid in Indian language. "He has come to trick your people into making war, so that the army can drive you from these lands which he has found are rich with oil."

Ruskin sat there frowning at a language he did not understand, while the Cheyenne Kid explained the whole plot to the Chief. The Chief shook his head and said:

"These are grave charges, White Cloud. Are you prepared to prove them by the *test?*"

Black Bear started to protest that the Kid was in no condition to do combat with the white-man, but the Kid stopped him. "I am." he said.

The Cheyenne Kid began to strip his shirt from his back, wincing at the pain it caused him, while the chief explained to Ruskin the charges that had been brought against him. The Chief told Ruskin that he must be prepared to prove the falseness of those accusations by defeating the Cheyenne Kid in combat.

Ruskin snarled and threw off his jacket. Without stopping he lunged at the Cheyenne Kid and threw him to the ground. The Kid rolled over and over with Ruskin, the pain nearly driving him out of his mind. He hit Ruskin with a right to the jaw and the man went down to the ground, apparently feigning unconsciousness. When the Kid turned to address the Chief, Ruskin leaped up, a hideout gun in his hand. Black Bear shouted a warning and Cheyenne dropped to the ground. The shot pierced the Chief's shield hanging overhead, and before he could fire again, Cheyenne was on him lashing out savagely with both fists. The man lay there unconscious, his face red with his own blood.

Chief Running Wolf looked at the man on the ground, and then at Cheyenne, standing there panting, his arms at his sides, dripping with blood. Then the old Chief went out of the lodge, and addressed the braves, still preparing for war.

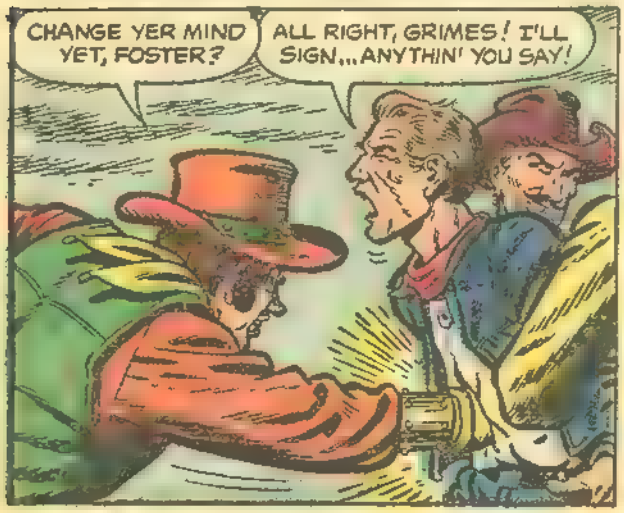
"My people," he said. "There will be no war." He hesitated while the grunts of surprise and disappointment faded away. "One of our braves has saved our people. And," he said smiling, "I think he has come back to stay."

THE END

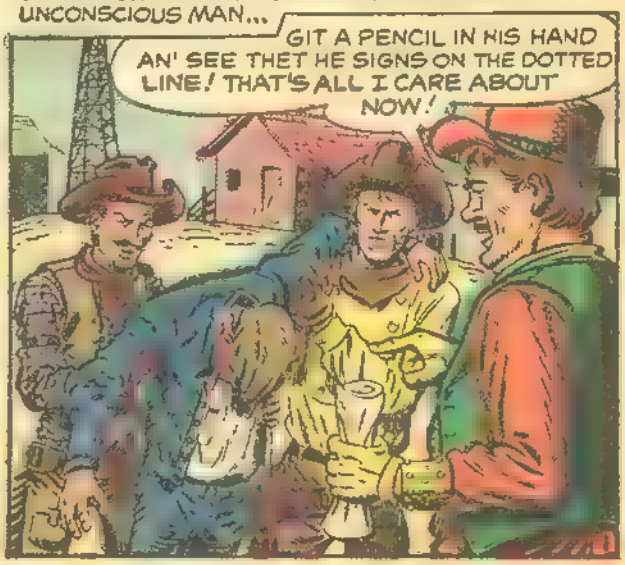
KID COLT OUTLAW

HOW ABOUT IT, FOSTER...YUH GONNA SIGN UP NOW?
NO! I WON'T! OHHHH!
THEY WERE THE LAW IN MOOSE COUNTY, AND THEY BACKED IT UP WITH HOT LEAD AND SMASHING FISTS! FEW OPPOSED THEM, BUT THOSE WHO DID WERE QUICKLY SUBJECTED TO THE WRATH OF...THE LAWMAKERS!
JACK KELLER

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE HULKING BRUTE DROVE HIS FISTS INTO HIS VICTIM'S HELPLESS BODY! EVERY BLOW WAS OF PILE-DRIVER FORCE, AND CAREFULLY CALCULATED TO INFLICT THE GREATEST PAIN...

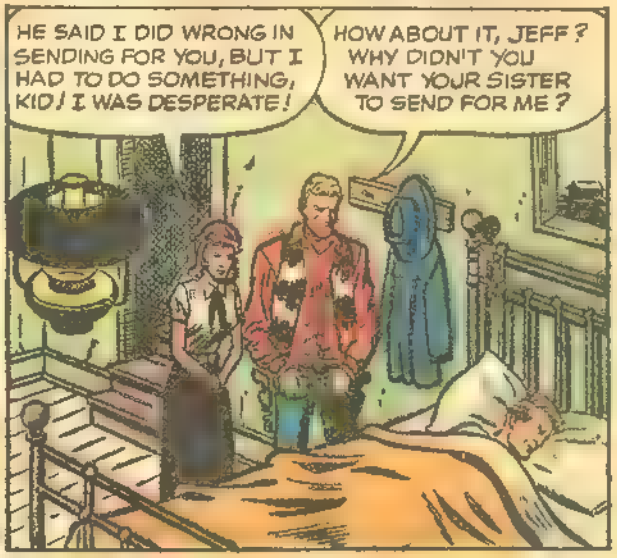


TAKING A SHEET OF PAPER FROM HIS POCKET, GRIMES SHOVED IT TOWARD THE ALMOST UNCONSCIOUS MAN...

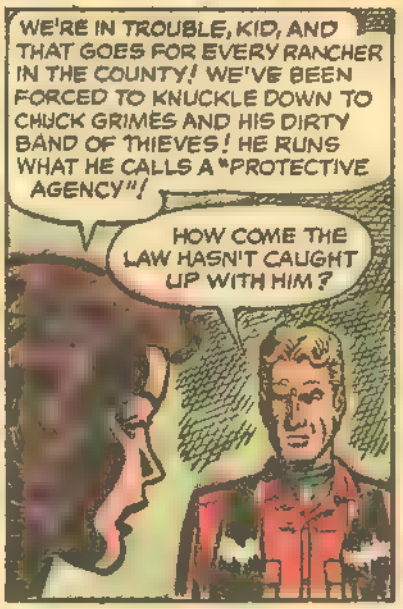


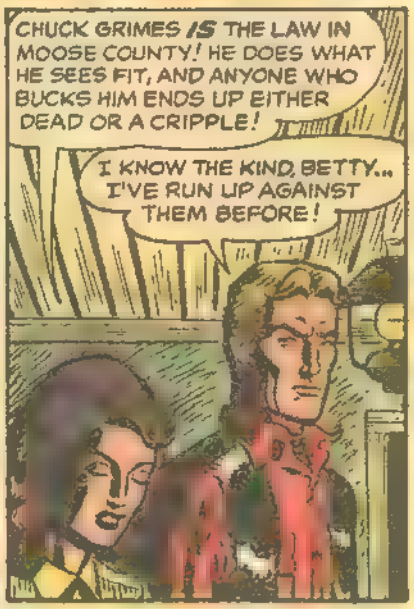
THE PAPER SIGNED, THE TRIO SPED OFF IN A FLURRY OF HOOFS WHILE THEIR VICTIM, HIS STRENGTH SAPPED, SANK TO THE GROUND IN A HUDDLED MASS...

ONE WEEK LATER, THE INDOMITABLE KID COLT, STOOD GRIM-FACED BESIDE THE BEATEN RANCHER'S BED...

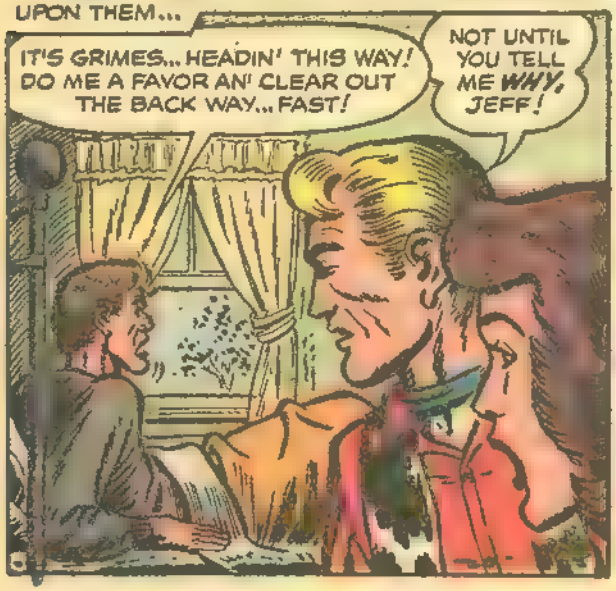

HE SAID I DID WRONG IN SENDING FOR YOU, BUT I HAD TO DO SOMETHING, KID! I WAS DESPERATE!
HOW ABOUT IT, JEFF? WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT YOUR SISTER TO SEND FOR ME?

MOSTLY BECAUSE SHE'D BE BRINGIN' HARM ONTO HERSELF! THE BEST THING YOU C'N DO FER US IS TUH LEAVE... THE SOONER THE BETTER!
NO! NOT UNTIL HE'S HEARD THE REST OF IT!


WE'RE IN TROUBLE, KID, AND THAT GOES FOR EVERY RANCHER IN THE COUNTY! WE'VE BEEN FORCED TO KNUCKLE DOWN TO CHUCK GRIMES AND HIS DIRTY BAND OF THIEVES! HE RUNS WHAT HE CALLS A "PROTECTIVE AGENCY"!
HOW COME THE LAW HASN'T CAUGHT UP WITH HIM?

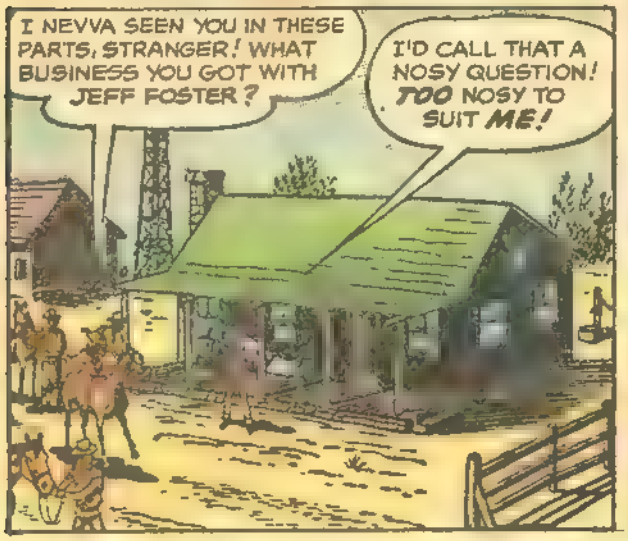

CHUCK GRIMES *IS* THE LAW IN MOOSE COUNTY! HE DOES WHAT HE SEES FIT, AND ANYONE WHO BUCKS HIM ENDS UP EITHER DEAD OR A CRIPPLE!
I KNOW THE KIND, BETTY... I'VE RUN UP AGAINST THEM BEFORE!

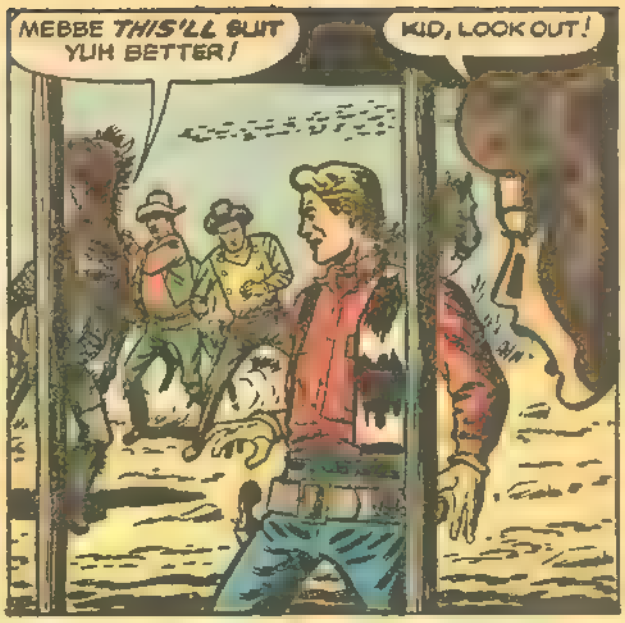
SUDDENLY THE CLATTER OF HOOFBEATS BROKE IN UPON THEM...



BECAUSE I SIGNED UP WITH HIS AGENCY, AN' THAT'S THE WAY I WANT IT! I HAVE THE FIRST PAYMENT ON HAND AN' I'M WILLIN' TUH PAY! NOW DO LIKE I ASK AN' GO!
I'LL GO, JEFF, BUT THE SAME WAY I CAME... THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR!

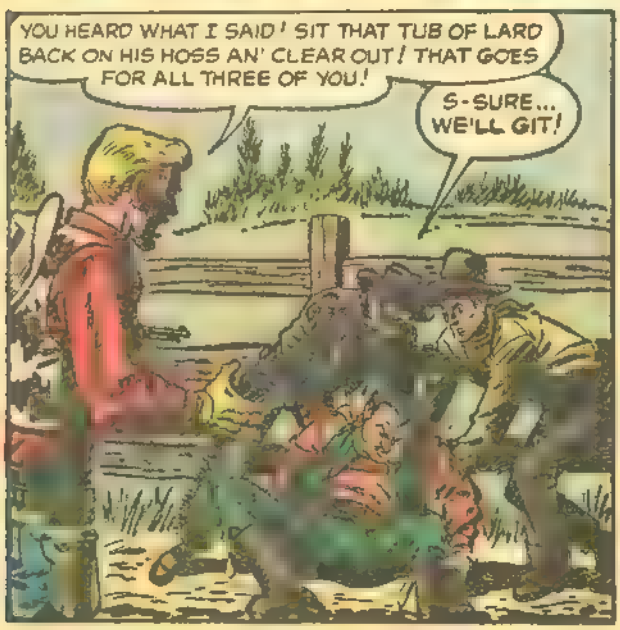
MOMENTS LATER, THE FAMED OUTLAW AND THE BRUTAL GRIMES FACED EACH OTHER ACROSS A FEW FEET OF SANDY EARTH...

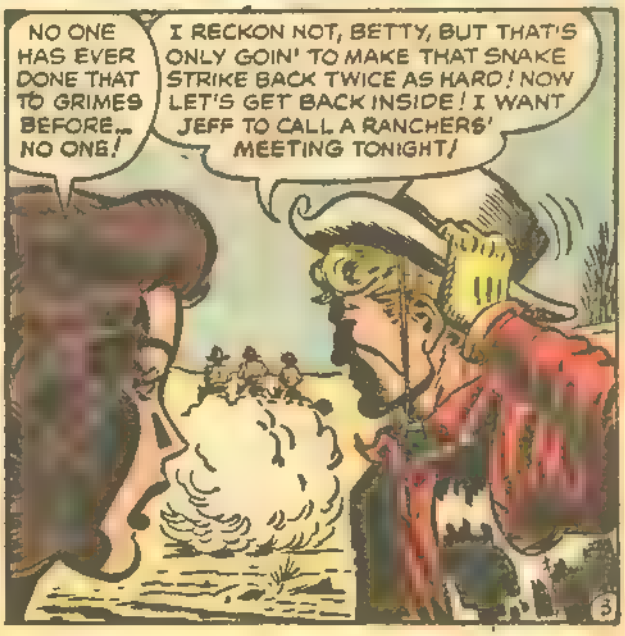

I NEVVA SEEN YOU IN THESE PARTS, STRANGER! WHAT BUSINESS YOU GOT WITH JEFF FOSTER?
I'D CALL THAT A NOSY QUESTION! TOO NOSY TO SUIT ME!



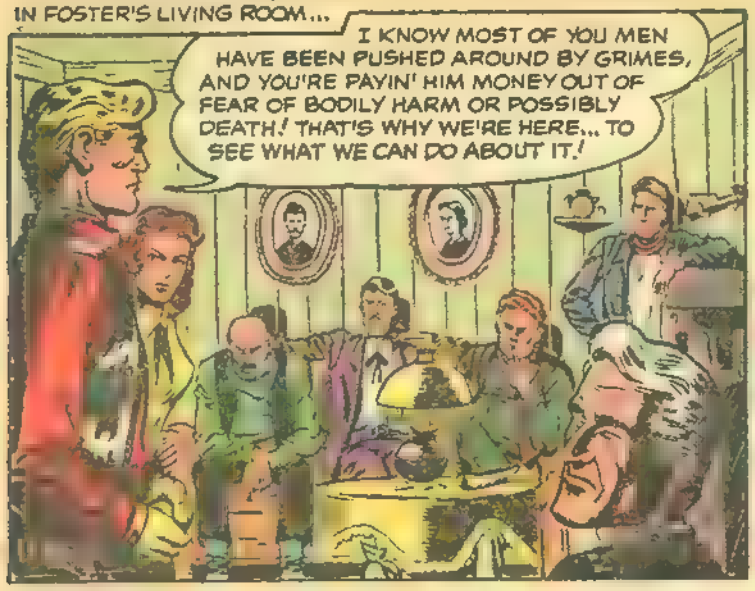
BUT WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF A STRIKING COUGAR, THE FAMED TWIN COLTS FLASHED WITH ORANGE-TIPPED FURY!

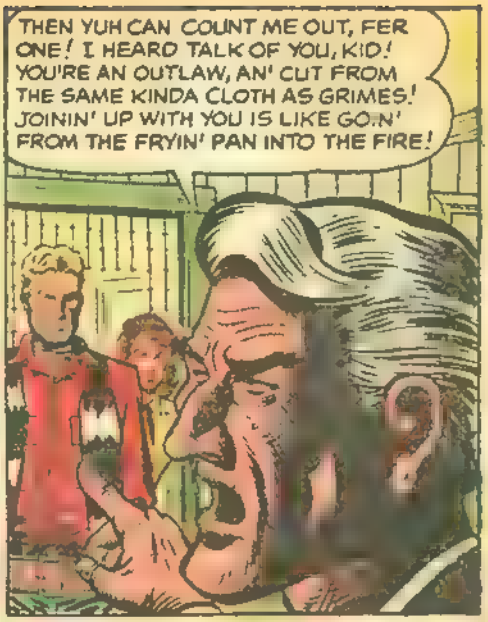
THEN, WHEN GRIMES MADE HIS DRAW...




NO ONE HAS EVER DONE THAT TO GRIMES BEFORE... NO ONE!
I RECKON NOT, BETTY, BUT THAT'S ONLY GOIN' TO MAKE THAT SNAKE STRIKE BACK TWICE AS HARD! NOW LET'S GET BACK INSIDE! I WANT JEFF TO CALL A RANCHERS' MEETING TONIGHT!

LATE THAT SAME NIGHT, WHEN THE RELUCTANT RANCHERS MET IN FOSTER'S LIVING ROOM...

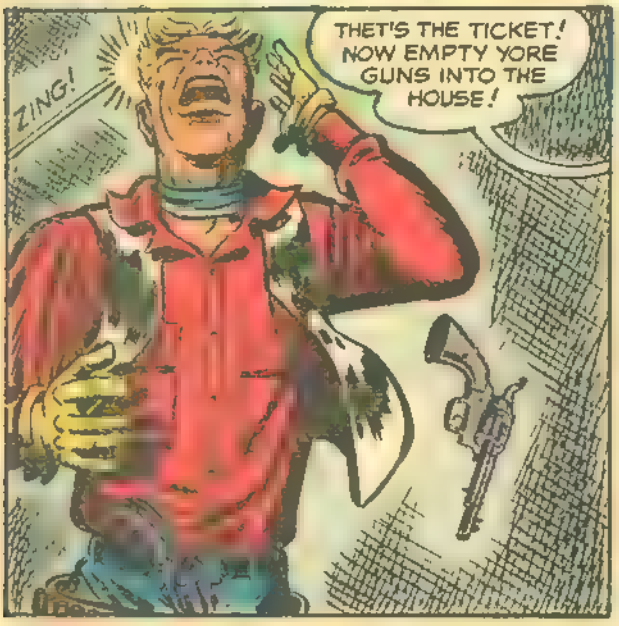

I KNOW MOST OF YOU MEN HAVE BEEN PUSHED AROUND BY GRIMES, AND YOU'RE PAYIN' HIM MONEY OUT OF FEAR OF BODILY HARM OR POSSIBLY DEATH! THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE... TO SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT IT!


THEN YUH CAN COUNT ME OUT, FER ONE! I HEARD TALK OF YOU, KID! YOU'RE AN OUTLAW, AN' CUT FROM THE SAME KINDA CLOTH AS GRIMES! JOININ' UP WITH YOU IS LIKE GOIN' FROM THE FRYIN' PAN INTO THE FIRE!

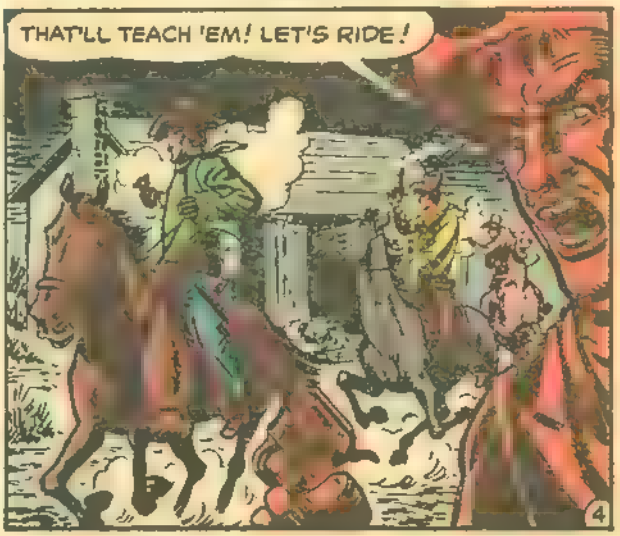
YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, MR. GIBSON! KID COLT HAS DONE MORE IN ONE AFTERNOON IN THE WAY OF HELP THAN ALL OF YOU HAVE DONE FOR YEARS!
NEVER MIND, BETTY! MR. GIBSON IS FREE TO LEAVE!

BUT AS THE AGING RANCHER WENT FOR THE DOOR...

DARTING PAST THE OTHERS, THE KID SLAMMED OUTSIDE AND INTO THE BRISTLING FIRE OF THE GUNMEN...



AMID WILD CRIES AND EXPLODING SIX-GUNS, THE GUNMEN POURED ON A FINAL VOLLEY OF WITHERING FIRE...



AND WHEN THE RAIDING PARTY LEFT...
IT'S ONLY A SCALP WOUND, KID! OTHER THAN YOU AND MR. GIBSON, THE REST OF US GOT OFF EASY! THEY WERE SHOOTING HIGH AND THE DAMAGE IS MOSTLY BROKEN WINDOWS AND CRACKED PLASTER!
THANKS FOR PATCHIN' ME UP, BETTY! NOW IF JEFF'LL TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND GRIMES, I'LL BE READY TO GO!
ARE YOU CRAZY, KID? HAVEN'T YOU LEARNED YET THAT GRIMES AIN'T TO BE BUCKED?
NOW I'VE GOT A PERSONAL SCORE TO SETTLE WITH GRIMES! WHAT YOU PEOPLE DO IS YOUR BUSINESS, BUT I KNOW WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO! NOW WHERE DO I FIND HIM?
AT THE CLOVER SALOON, KID! BUT BE CAREFUL... PLEASE!
SHORTLY AFTERWARD, AT THE CLOVER SALOON...
WE DID ALL RIGHT, BOYS, AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNIN'! WHEN I'M THROUGH WITH 'EM, THEM RANCHERS WON'T EVER STEP OUTA LINE AGAIN!
YOU'RE WRONG, GRIMES!
HUH?
BLAM!
SMASH!
THEN, IN A STARTLING DEMONSTRATION, THE KID'S TWIN COLT'S SPAT A FIERY CHALLENGE AT THE DRAWING GUNMEN...
OWWW!
OHHHH!
BANG! BANG!
BLAM!
5

THE AIR THUNDERED TO THE ROAR OF EXPLODING SIX-GUNS, WHILE THE COWARDLY GRIMES AND ONE OF HIS MEN SOUGHT COVER BEHIND AN OVERTURNED TABLE...
I'LL KEEP 'IM TIED UP HERE... MEANWHILE YOU SLIP OUT THE BACK AN' COME IN THE FRONT WAY!
RIGHT, GRIMES... YOU KEEP FIRIN'!
FOLLOWING ORDERS, THE GUNMAN CIRCLED AROUND, AND THEN CREPT IN THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR...
HE AIN'T NEVVA GONNA KNOW WHAT HIT 'IM!
BUT SUDDENLY...
ARGHHHH!
BANG!
C'MON, YOU MEN... ARE YUH GONNA STAND BY AN' LET THE KID DO ALL OUR FIGHTIN' FOR US? IF YUH CALL YERSELVES MEN, FOLLOW ME!
WITH A RALLYING CRY AND BLAZING GUNS, THE RANCHERS STORMED INTO THE SMOKE-FILLED SALOON...
THIS IS IT, GRIMES! I'M CASHIN' YOU IN!
ARGHHHHH!
BANG!
BANG! BANG!
MOMENTS LATER, WHEN THE LAST GUNMAN WAS SILENCED...
YOU'RE THE LAST MAN I EXPECTED TO SEE, GIBSON... BUT I'M MIGHTY GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIMELY ARRIVAL!
WE'RE THE ONES WHO ARE GRATEFUL, KID! YOU MADE ME FEEL MIGHTY ASHAMED OF MUHSELF WHEN YOU DECIDED TO COME DOWN HERE ON YER OWN! THAT'S WHEN I WENT AFTER THE BOYS! GUESS WE DID ALL RIGHT, HUH, KID?
YOU DID BETTER THAN ALL RIGHT! FOR ONCE YOU'RE FREE MEN, THE WAY OUR COUNTRY INTENDED YOU TO BE! I DON'T THINK YOU'LL EVER BE PUSHED AROUND BY THE LIKES OF GRIMES AGAIN!
THAT'S FOR SURE, KID! LIKE YOU SAY, WE'RE FREE MEN... AN' WE'LL STAY FREE!
THE END
6
ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN WESTERN THRILLS LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

LOOK AT SKINNY! I wouldn't be seen with her!
LATER
AND SHE USED TO BE SO SKINNY!
AM I PROUD OF THE WAY THE BOYS LOOK AT YOU!
WOW! WHAT A GIRL!

SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

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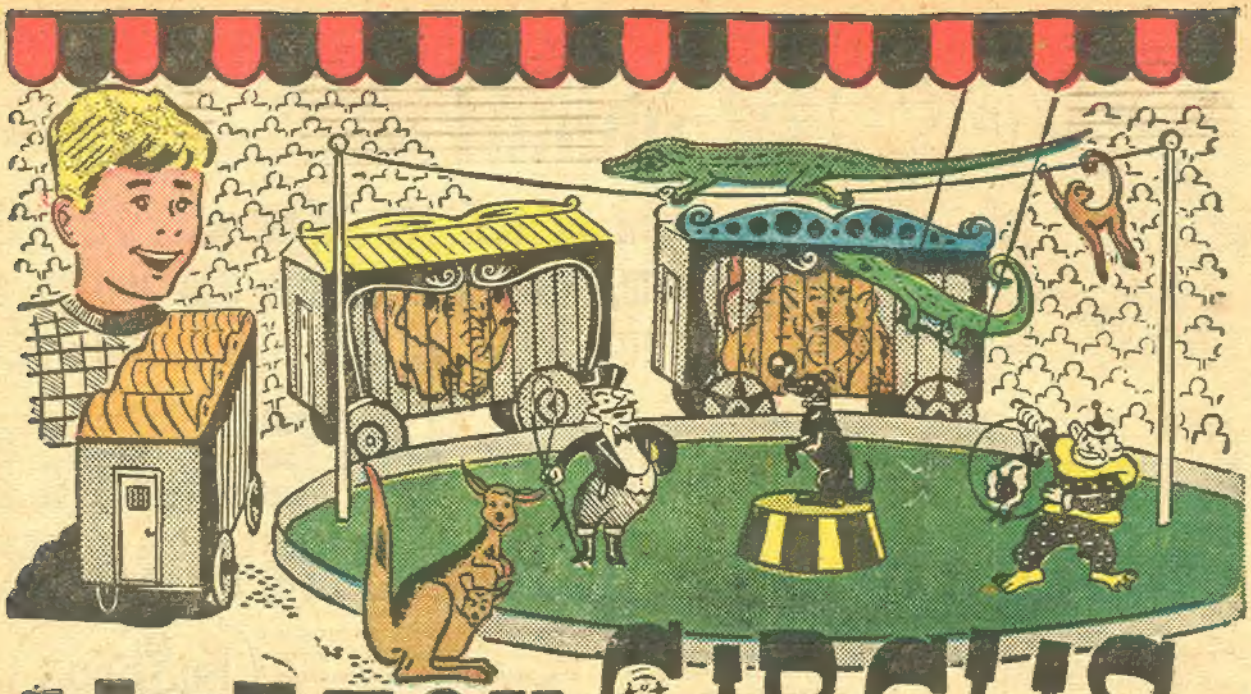

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CHEW IMPROVED FORMULA

CHEWING GUM!

REDUCE

Up to 5 lbs. a Week With Dr. Phillips Plan

Reduce to a slimmer more graceful figure the way Dr. Phillips recommends — without starving — without missing a single meal! Here for you NOW — a scientific way which guarantees you can lose as much weight as you wish — or YOU PAY NOTHING! No Drugs, No Starvation, No Exercises or Laxatives. The amazing thing is that it is so easy to follow — simple and safe to lose those ugly, fatty bulges. Each and every week you lose pounds safely until you reach the weight that most becomes you. Now at last you have the doctors' new modern way to reduce — to acquire that dreamed about silhouette, an improved slimmer, exciting, more graceful figure. Simply chew delicious improved Formula Dr. Phillips Kelpidine Chewing Gum and follow Dr. Phillips Plan. This wholesome, tasty delicious Kelpidine Chewing Gum contains Hexitol, REDUCES appetite and is sugar free. Hexitol is a new discovery and contains no fat and no available carbohydrates. Enjoy chewing this delicious gum and reduce with Dr. Phillips Plan. Try it for 12 days, then step on the scale. You'll hardly believe your eyes. Good for men too.

$1 12 DAY SUPPLY ONLY

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! 10 DAY FREE TRIAL!

Mail the coupon now! Test the amazing Dr. Phillips KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM REDUCING PLAN for 10 days at our expense. If after 10 days your friends, your mirror and your scale do not tell you that you have lost weight and look slimmer you pay nothing.

MERICAN HEALTHAIDS CO., Dept. CH-413, 318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Just mail us your name and address, and $1.00 cash, check or money-order. You will receive a 12 day supply of KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM (improved Formula), and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan postage prepaid.

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

☐ Send me Special 24 day supply and FREE 12 day package for $2.00. I understand that if I am not delighted with KELPIDINE CHEWING GUM and Dr. Phillips Reducing Plan, I can return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SENT ON APPROVAL – MAIL COUPON NOW!

Mrs. Ruth Long

Friends! Here's How To Get AT Almost NO COST Your NEW Real, LIVE MINIATURE DOG

I'll be happy to send you **without you paying a penny,** this lovable, young, miniature DOG that is so tiny when even fully grown you can carry it in your pocket or hold it in one hand, yet it barks and is a reliable watch dog as well as a pet. You can keep it in a shoe box and enjoy many amusing hours teaching it tricks . . . active, healthy, intelligent and clean. Simply hand out only 20 get-acquainted coupons to friends and relatives to help us get that many new customers as per our premium letter. I enjoy my own lively, tiny dog so much. It is such wonderful company that I'm sure you'll simply love one yourself.

Supply Limited • *SEND TODAY!*

Please send me your favorite snapshot, photo or Kodak picture when writing for your Miniature Dog. We will make you a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement in a handsome "Movietone" frame SO YOU CAN TELL YOUR FRIENDS about our bargain hand-colored enlargements when handing out the get-acquainted coupons free. Just mail me your favorite snapshot, print or negative NOW and pay the postman only 19c plus postage when your treasured enlargement arrives and I'll include the "Movietone" frame at no extra cost. LIMIT of 2 to any one person. Your original returned with your enlargement and frame. **Also include the COLOR OF HAIR AND EYES** with each picture, so I can also give you our bargain offer on a second enlargement artfully hand colored in oils for natural beauty, sparkle and life, like we have done for thousands of others.

I'm so anxious to send you a miniature dog that I hope you will send me your name, address and favorite snapshot, right away and get your 20 enlargement coupons to hand out free. **Mrs. Ruth Long,** Gift Manager.

DEAN STUDIOS Dept. X-377, 211 W. 7th St. Des Moines 2, Iowa

MRS. RUTH LONG
DEAN STUDIOS, DEPT. X-377
211 W. 7TH ST., DES MOINES 2, IOWA

I would like to receive the miniature dog. Please send me premium letter and 20 coupons to hand out free.

Color Eyes____ Color Eyes____
Color Hair____ Color Hair____
Name____
Address____
City____ State____

20 Any Photo Copied BILLFOLD Size Pictures $1

UP TO $8.75 STUDIO VALUE

New FRIENDSHIP PHOTOS

Special, get-acquainted bargain. Up to an $8.75 studio value for only $1. Billfold size pictures are used by thousands of students, teachers, job-seekers, pen-pals, and actors. Truly a photographic bargain of bargains. Simply send us your favorite photo with $1 and 20 **BILLFOLD SIZE** pictures on double weight, portrait paper will be rushed back to you with original photo. No delay. Work completed within 3 days. Order as many units of 20 billfold size from your favorite picture as desired. Please enclose cash, check or money order with your photo today.

MOVYLAND STUDIOS
BOX 410-A — MULBERRY AT 7TH
DES MOINES 2, IOWA

I am enclosing____ pictures and $1.00 for each unit of 20 Billfold Pictures.

NAME____
ADDRESS____
CITY____ STATE____

MOVYLAND STUDIOS BOX 410-A — MULBERRY AT 7TH DES MOINES 2, IOWA